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RENA SCENCE

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Fyodor Dostoevsky: Delinquent Genius

By Mary Graham Lund

RUSSIA today is an adolescent genius whom her sibling nations, in ambivalent love-hate paroxysms of terror, are vainly trying to control. Since God is dead (a precocious youngster named Nietzsche made the pronouncement to a credulous world) and Mother Church seems gripped by a paralysis of senility, the problem child's older brothers and sisters must deal with her as best they can. They may find in the works of Fyodor Dostoevsky signposts that may point the way to a "new humanism" that may ease "co-existence," that much abused concept.

Nicolas Berdyaev, in a series of lectures at the University of Moscow the winter of 1920-21, tried to interpret Dostoevsky's philosophy and was expelled from Russia. His lectures were later published in France, and still later translated into English. It is Berdyaev's belief that Dostoevsky made it possible for the world to go back to the old rationalistic humanism with its self-affirmation and self-sufficiency. For Dostoevsky, humanism must be God-centered: "there is both God and man, the God who does not devour man, and the man who is not dissolved in God but remains himself through all eternity."

In spite of party policies and literary arbiters, Soviet Russia has not been able to brush aside her great advocate of God-centered humanism. In spite of a desire to reject his philosophy, the Party's literary arbiters have permitted a colossal amount of Dostoevsky criticism and documentary material to pour from her presses during the past forty years. They have not been able to ignore Dostoevsky's growing stature in the Western World, nor the insights of Russia's own scholars. Yet they look upon the growing literary giant, who is now even taller than Tolstoy, with more fear than reverence. They see in his debauched and self-willed characters their own cruel leaders, and in Dostoevsky himself the bewildered adolescent that is modern Russia. They find in his dionysiac love of life, in the tension of his spirit which he called "faith," in his sense of original and shared guilt and his determination to lose his own "soul" or self-hood in order to save it, a reflection of modern Russian literary realism.

The Russian intelligentsia have condemned the "joy of life" which they call "Schillerism," but their interest in the arts, particularly in music, the dance, the theater, emphasizes Dostoevsky's frequent iteration that "The heart's glow is Heaven's pledge." Of what? That is the Russian Hamlet's question. If realism is

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his faith, his experience of an original, infinite, freely autonomous world contains in itself the postulate of God as a reality.

Dostoevsky's novels depict the effort of the Christ personality to emerge from its metaphysical solitude. It is the problem of the modern world: how the soul is to emerge from the cocoon of individualism. A program of forced birth and scientific feeding, setting manikins moving to the music of a philosophy of beauty may create a wonderful illusion of life, but it is not life. As Dostoevsky kept repeating, when human dignity and freedom are not respected, there is nothing left—nothing but complete extinction for the people who move in such a world of illusion: hate thrives on illusion, but love can exist only in a world of reality, which is a world of suffering. Suffering is a symptom of life. That is Dostoevsky's message. When man has eliminated suffering, he has thrown away the propulsive force of evolution.

Dostoevsky was himself a dual personality: good and evil fought continuously in his soul. He wrote his great novels in a passion of missionary zeal; he could never accept the easy way to faith—Tolstoy's recognition of harmony within the soul as the "breath of God." His comment on the passage in *Anna Karenina* in which the hero rejoices to find himself convinced of God's existence is to wonder whether the experience was really faith. For Dostoevsky, the experience of faith is not so easy; his heroes writhe in a ghastly chiaroscuro reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno*; they break over emotional boundaries into crime with adolescent depravity. His Western critics are becoming increasingly aware that Dostoevsky is speaking in parables. Russian critics saw it earlier, but their findings for the most part were suppressed by Soviet censorship.

Dostoevsky has been regarded by many Western readers as a prophet. The underlying theme of his novels is the crisis of our civilization. The world has now lived through the horrors he depicted in his novels—horrors which appeared to his contemporaries as the wild imaginings of a cruel spirit. He portrayed political types familiar to us today, but which were considered then bizarre caricatures. He foresaw the anti-Christian spirit behind the new religions of dialectical materialism, Italian Caesarism, Germanic racism, and all the other secular religions of our age. He prophesied that the socialist movement of the nineteenth century, which he knew only in its most idealistic form, would lead to an intensification of the crisis of humanity, to the complete loss of freedom that the world has witnessed in the totalitarian version of communism.

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND, his first great work after his release from long imprisonment in Siberia, sounds in many places like the report of a modern news analyst of the psychology of a dictator: "If the need should arise he would be ready to contravene every law, and to lose sight alike of honor and of peace." Hitler declared, "The century of reason is over. I hate everything that

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comes from mind and humanitarianism," and Mussolini boasted, "Revealed truth we have torn to shreds, dogmas we have spat upon. . . . We do not believe in the concepts of happiness of the humanistic sheep."

Dostoevsky's prophecy goes beyond the time of crisis through which we are passing. The message of ultimate salvation is to be found in even the grimmest of his novels, the message which he clearly enunciated in his diary in the last year of his life: "It is perhaps useless to mourn when confronted with this last struggle of the old civilization, . . . for we shall then be on the eve of a great renewal which will certainly come once humanity has made the painful journey from doubt to despair."

The Western World has been slow to discover this message in Dostoevsky's great novels. Western critics have found almost everything else in them; they have hailed him as a forerunner of psychoanalysis, and as the "father of the modern novel," as the inventor of surrealism, the instigator of symbolism, the starting point of existentialism. Analytic science has codified the psychic common law of the Dostoevskian world in which people hate those they love and love those they hate, kill those they would die for and cherish those they want to kill; they betray themselves in dreams and reveal the unconscious psychic factors, the delusory ideas which rule the ego for good or ill. "Among writers there has probably never been any who understand the sick psyche so well, who was a greater psychologist than Dostoevsky," declared an anonymous writer in a German medical judgment. Freud, Steckl, Adler, and Rank have praised his astonishing penetration into the nature of the unconscious.

Literary critics have set Dostoevsky's work as a milestone in the history of the novel. His dramatic "interior" concept of reality foreshadowed the psychological, expressionistic, surrealistic, and fantasia-realistic techniques. Dostoevsky's "Double" appears in Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; the character of Raskolnikov reappears in Stevenson's *Markheim*, and in Conrad's *Lord Jim* (much as Conrad hated Dostoevsky's novels and resisted their style). His influence has been noted in the French writers Julien Green, the great Gide, and even in Malraux; in the writings of the Italian D'Annunzio, who called Dostoevsky a "barbarian"; in the English writers D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and Somerset Maugham; the Swedish writer Strindberg and the Austrian novelist Wassermann. Virginia Woolf found in his work the "new form" she was seeking for her own novels, in which the time sequence of the psyche replaces clock and calendar; the Irish Joyce's stream of consciousness flows down a chute that Dostoevsky built; Kafka's fragmentary novels recognize the same symbolic forces of destiny; Jean Paul Sartre states that the Russian writer's "world of abandoned man who cannot find anything to hold to, neither within himself nor outside of himself, is the world of the existentialist novel."

With all the furor the Western World has made over Dostoevsky, the

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Soviets have had to do something. In February of 1956, the 75th anniversary of his death was observed in Russia with great fanfare. Exhibitions of materials illustrating his life and work were arranged by state libraries in Moscow, Leningrad, and by public libraries in minor cities. The Dostoevsky Museum in Moscow was refurbished and expanded, and the street on which it is located renamed in his honor. Documentary films were produced, and theaters presented plays based on his novels. Conferences of scholars took place at educational institutions, and lectures and exhibitions were held in clubs and "houses of culture." To lend the celebration an international character, foreign writers were asked to participate. An ambitious publication schedule was announced, including a ten-volume edition of Dostoevsky's works under the editorship of six famous writers, and a two-volume selection from his novels and stories was published in time for the celebration.

These observances were not designed to encourage independent study of Dostoevsky, whose philosophy is fundamentally incompatible with Soviet ideology. He is still not permitted to speak for himself to the people of the Soviet Union, nor are they permitted to speak freely of him. Yet the facts seem to be that he is still the most read author in Russia, and that scholars find a way to publish some of their interpretative insights. In Communist Russia, a vast amount of intensive research has been done, many fresh data brought to light, and his letters published in two bulky volumes, annotated with painstaking diligence. In his introduction to this edition, Gorbachov, then considered an orthodox Marxist critic, gives a remarkable explanation of the Soviet attitude toward the great Christian writer: he brushes aside Dostoevsky's mysticism and idealism by showing that it is not really Dostoevsky but his obsolete interpreters who are harmful. Then he advances arguments for the study of Dostoevsky: he is a master of Russian prose, and should be studied for his methods; his pitiless revelations of a corrupt bourgeois and aristocratic society is a fierce protest against the capitalistic order; he has "left us the finest examples of anti-religious propaganda."

The statements in the above paragraph were taken from a book published in 1957 by the Columbia University Press, the work of Vladimir Seduro, working under a scholarship granted him by the Research Program on the USSR, East European Fund, Inc. The book was also published in England, Canada, India, and Pakistan.

MR. SEDURO shows that Dostoevsky scholars in Russia have been able, "by various ingenious maneuvers, to accommodate their findings, at least in part, to the rigid utilitarian party framework, and to publish studies which were often illuminating and original." Perhaps the greatest impact of this book on the Western reader is the revelation of the immense extent of scientific scholarship in the humanities which is to be found in Soviet Russia today. An example may

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be found in the description of a work now in preparation: in the "Literary Heritage" series, Zilberstein, the assistant editor, has stated that it will contain "hitherto unknown texts of fictional, critical, and publicist pieces by Dostoevsky, as well as new documentary materials which shed light on various stages of the writer's biography." For instance, Nekhaya is editing thirteen fragments of the manuscript of *Crime and Punishment*, representing various stages of work; Dolinin is preparing "copious materials" for *A Raw Youth*; Grossman is reconstructing, on the basis of unpublished materials, the major steps in the writing of *The Brothers Karamazov*; Vinogradov establishes, through analysis of style and subject matter, that a number of unsigned pieces published in periodicals were written by Dostoevsky. Seven of the writer's notebooks are being published for the first time. Commentaries by other scholars mount to more than fifty.

Side by side with such scientific and non-political volumes are, of course, the bowdlerized versions of the novels, wherein readers are further protected from the author's dangerous ideology by suitable admonitions in prefatory material.

Mr. Seduro begins his study in 1846, because, without a survey of nineteenth-century radical thought and of Marxist criticism in the early twentieth, the full meaning of Gorki's articles is lost. And "without an understanding of Gorki's work it is, in turn, impossible to understand Lenin's attitude, which to a great extent determined the subsequent development of Soviet criticism of Dostoevsky."

In his address to the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934, Maxim Gorki was unable to deal a critical blow to Dostoevsky as an artist, and limited himself to representing him as the ideological culprit for the turn to the right by the Russian intelligentsia after the 1905 revolution. Although his speech gave the Party new weapons for its campaign against "reactionary ideology," its ambivalence served independent scholars who, relying on his unstinting praise for Dostoevsky as an artist, were able to pursue their studies. In spite of Gorbachev's suggestion that Soviet writers should study Dostoevsky's methods, investigations of his style were neglected in favor of biographical research, ideological analyses, and the editing and annotating of letters and documents. In the attempt to relate Dostoevsky to the revolution, the Marxist held him up to youth as a warning against individualism. At the beginning of the 1930's, Lunacharsky, the Party literary arbiter, recommended the reading of Dostoevsky as a guide to the "mind of the enemy," to the duality in human beings, and to class differentiation.

The Second World War converted Dostoevsky into a highly esteemed ally. Had he not warned against the appearance of Nietzsche's amoral supermen, and the danger embodied in Nazi philosophy? Had he not prophesied the glorious future of the Russian People?

(Continued on page 40)

The Entertaining Mr. Greene

By A. A. De Vitis

WHEN *Brighton Rock* first appeared in 1938 it was listed in the Greene bibliography as an entertainment. Subsequently the book was reassessed by its author and published as a "novel." Before the publication of *Brighton Rock* Greene had written a series of slick and exciting stories, which had been labelled "novels" and "entertainments" alike. *Brighton Rock* made a dividing point, and the characteristics that distinguish the two "genres" became more readily apparent as other books appeared.

The Man Within (1929), a novel, portrayed Greene's interest in the divided self, and the epigraph from Sir Thomas Browne, "There's another man within me that's angry with me," indicated his preoccupation with the problems of good and evil. In this novel Greene followed his hero from his boys' school onto a smuggling vessel where his father had been respected because of his strength and courage, and into a betrayal of Carlyon, his friend, the leader of the smugglers. In a foggy wood reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno* the boy had come upon goodness—Elizabeth, the girl, keeping watch over the corpse of her stepfather who had been killed by the smugglers. At the end of the novel Andrews had been forced to commit suicide not only for having betrayed the smugglers and the girl but also for having betrayed the man within. From this surprisingly excellent novel, the reader became aware of Greene's concern with good and evil, with the black and the gray of human life. It was not until the publication of *Brighton Rock*, however, that this concern with the nature of good and evil found a frame of reference that is specifically religious. What had been in the novels before *Brighton Rock* a deeply felt religious outlook became with that novel the frame of reference within which the action developed. The novels and the entertainments before *Brighton Rock* had been "secular" in their outlook; those after, "religious." For it was Greene's Roman Catholicism that gave coherence and meaning to the narratives. And Greene's readers and fans alike will concede the fact that the "novels" afford a great deal of material that is at the very least beguilingly controversial.

But what of the entertainments? Much critical attention has been devoted to Greene the Manichaean, Greene the theologian, Greene the Jansenist, Greene the Existentialist, Greene the Quietist—and the list could be stretched on and on—but little attention has been given to the nature and quality of the entertainments. Certainly they are thrillers; they lend themselves easily and brilliantly to the idioms of the motion picture, as Greene's list of credits will testify, and they make money for him. Furthermore, a great many of Greene's fans aver that the best

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of Greene is to be discovered in the entertainments, for in them he is intent on telling a good story, on keeping his readers in suspense, and on making the action which is, more often than not, a melodramatic chase, as original and exciting and breathtaking as possible. The fact that Greene is a consummate story teller, and the fact that he knows how to maintain that elusive factor called suspense, make him a detective story writer of the highest calibre, the equal of Raymond Chandler, Agatha Christie, Georges Simenon, and S. S. Van Dyne, to name a few of the masters of the genre. An investigation of the nature of the entertainments will reveal the craftsmanship of Greene's techniques and also point out how, very often, the entertainments are preliminary studies for the more elaborate novels that follow them.

In the Preface to the Viking edition of *The Third Man*, perhaps Greene's most popular entertainment because of its brilliant translation into the motion pictures under the direction of Sir Carol Reed, Greene refers to the happy ending that characterizes the type; but whether or not Greene's endings are happy in the conventional sense is a matter for satirical comment, for the endings of the entertainments are often as pessimistic and gloomy as those of the novels. There is one thing, however, that does specifically set the entertainments apart from the novel, and that is the serious preoccupation with religious and ethical problems that the novels pose; the entertainments may indicate the problems, but those problems are secondary to the plot and the action and the melodrama that distinguish the thriller type. Evelyn Waugh, a Catholic writer of Greene's own stature, distinguishes between the novels and the entertainments in this way: ". . . the 'novels' have been baptized, held deep in under the waters of life. The author has said: 'These characters are not my creation but God's. They have an eternal destiny. They are not merely playing a part for the reader's amusement. They are souls whom Christ died to save.'"

In the novels, with the possible exception of *The Quiet American* published in 1955, Greene creates an experience of life in which the religion of the chief actors is Roman Catholicism; in the entertainments, however, religion seems to become superstition or, as is the case with Raven, the hero of *A Gun for Sale*, a sense of loss, of injustice, a feeling of inadequacy, life without justice or pity. In the novels Greene expends more time and energy on the characterization, and if his creations are true, then they react as human beings to the conditions that they find themselves in; in the entertainments the conditions are more often than not contrived for the characters, and causality plays an all important part in the unravelling of the action. The characters in the novels, like the people of Henry James, a writer whom Greene vastly admires, make a place for themselves in the experience of life which they control. No wonder, then, that the novels so often include a tragic ending. As a creative artist, it would be neither honest nor true for Greene to force the characters in the novels to react as they should ac-

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cording to the rigid tenets of Roman Catholic beliefs. For if a solution were brought about in terms of the author's religious convictions, the novels would suffer as works of art; if Greene were to force his characters to act as good Catholics should, he would not be a Catholic who is a novelist but a Catholic novelist. And that would make all the difference.

It is, to be sure, interesting to speculate as to the possible theological interpretations of the actions of certain characters in certain novels. Indeed, it has become a popular diversion as far as Greene is concerned to do so. But it is essential to remember that these characters, these Scobies, Sarah Mileses, and whiskey priests, exist as people in a given experience of life. And if Greene feels that if he rubs the side of his religion long and often enough he becomes an indispensable opposition in the bringing out of the truth, more power to him. If the novelist as a man retains his faith, he allows himself a point from which to explore evil. Says Greene, "For to render the highest justice to corruption, you have to be conscious all the time within yourself of treachery to something valuable." If the novelist, who happens to be a Catholic, does not flirt with heresy, as Greene's critics say he often does, he will not be able to understand the attraction of goodness; if he glorifies good by refusing to recognize the fascination of evil, if he desires only to attest the validity of his religion, he becomes, as Greene himself says, "a philosopher or religious teacher of the second rank." Certainly Greene is neither.

THE FACT remains that Graham Greene is a novelist, not a theologian. Religion and the stuff of religion make up a portion of the fabric of his works. He says: "The novelist depends preponderantly on his personal experience, the philosopher on correlating the experience of others, and the novelist's philosophy will always be a little lopsided." Many critics have taken it for granted that because Greene concerns himself in his novels with the problems of good and evil, with Roman Catholicism, he is a religious writer. This is not so. He is a writer with a profound sense of evil in the world; and any reader of the essays included in *The Lost Childhood* knows that he had this sense long before his conversion to Roman Catholicism. His novels deal primarily with the fall of man; his entertainments deal with man, perhaps fallen, perhaps not—at any rate, with man in his relationship to other men, not to God. "Do you believe in God?" Raven asks Anne Crowder in *A Gun for Sale*. "I don't know," she says. "Sometimes maybe. It's a habit, praying. It doesn't do any harm. It's like crossing your fingers when you walk under a ladder. We need any luck that's going." Although there is the religious sense present in the entertainments, one might even say that religion and superstition are accounted as one in the world of entertainments, there is not that profound religious conviction that inspires Major Scobie to suicide in *The Heart of the Matter* and the whiskey priest to sainthood in *The Power and*

the Glory. Greene's novels, although they are full of the stuff of Roman Catholicism, do not attempt to throw light on the teachings of the Church. What Greene is concerned with is the possibility of salvation within the tablets of the law. And in allowing for personal salvation, Greene allows for heroism, this by creating his experience of life in those uncharted theological regions where the boundaries are blurred.

In *Brighton Rock* the frame of reference within which the narrative develops is that of the hero's Roman Catholicism. The novel is in the tradition of the detective story, and it uses the same conventions that Greene used in the entertainment *Stamboul Train*, which he published in 1932, and in *A Gun for Sale*, 1936, both successful thrillers. In *Stamboul Train* and *A Gun for Sale* Greene drew heavily on the atmosphere and symbols of Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and the sense of degeneracy and futility of the poem pervades both books. Both have a "happy" ending, provided the reader accepts Greene's peculiar conviction concerning the nature of the thriller, as mentioned above.

In *Stamboul Train* Greene used a speeding train as a locale for his melodrama as he traced Carleton Myatt, a merchant of currants, and Coral Musker, a pitiful chorus girl, through an intrigue that involved murder and a Balkan uprising. In *Stamboul Train* Greene sketched the bare outlines of the theme of pity he was to use with such masterful effect in the entertainment, *The Ministry of Fear* (1943), and the novel, *The Heart of the Matter* (1945). As literary editor for *The Spectator* he had learned a great deal concerning the technique of the cinema, the importance of melodrama, and the necessity of brisk and suspenseful action. Adapting the devices of the Hitchcock movie camera to the needs of the thriller and perhaps borrowing a little from *The Lady Vanishes*, Greene used the train with great skill: the halts and stops, the melodramatic chase in Subotica, the inquisitive newspaperwoman, the very lurch and speed of the train, all were contained within a narrative that kept pace with the engine itself. Using the moving picture camera technique he moved from point to point on the speeding train, developing his theme and characters on the way, emphasizing the melodrama, and defining his craft.

Myatt's gratitude to Coral once she had given herself to him had led him to promise her an apartment of her own in Constantinople; and he had felt responsible for her safety after she had unintentionally involved herself with Dr. Czinner, the revolutionist. He had attempted to rescue her but had successfully pushed his pity aside when the task of rescue proved too much for him. As a result of his betrayal Coral had fallen into the arms of Mabel Warren, the newspaper woman; and Janet Pardoe, Mabel's friend, into his, Greene thus completing a figure eight pattern to lend unity to the action of the novel. The motif of the chase, the theme of betrayal, the corruption of innocence were all contained in

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the entertainment, but the religious sense was there by implication only; the prevailing temper of the book is a secular one.

A Gun for Sale and *The Ministry of Fear* better illustrate the difference that the religious theme makes in the novel in which it explicitly appears. *A Gun for Sale* is a thriller, fast-paced, tightly organized, economical, and exciting. Again Greene demonstrated his dexterity in handling suspense while adapting the devices of the Hitchcock camera to his materials. Like *Stamboul Train*, *A Gun for Sale* contains many of the devices of the mystery story: the chase, the confession, the betrayal.

The hero of the novel, James Raven, is in the Conradian tradition, an anti-hero, and he is opposed by a strong and determined and imaginationless detective, Mather, who is in love with Ann Crowder, who, like Coral Musker of *Stamboul Train*, is a chorus girl in second and third rate provincial companies. Raven has many things in common with Pinkie Brown, the chief character of *Brighton Rock*—the same sordid background, the squalor of Paradise Piece and Nelson Place, the evil that comes with poverty. Both Raven and Pinkie bear the signs of their environment; Raven his hairlip, Pinkie his aversion to sex. But Pinkie is a Roman Catholic, and Raven is not.

A Gun for Sale is a preliminary study for *Brighton Rock*. The similarity between the two heroes is explicitly made in the mutual relationship they bear to the race track protection rackets. The murder of Kite, the murdered leader of Pinkie's gang, is specifically recounted by Raven: "I was doing the races then. Kite had a rival gang. There wasn't anything else to do. He tried to bump my boss off the course. . . I cut his throat and the others held him till we were all through the barrier in a bunch." And it is revenge for Kite's murder that forms the *raison d'être* of *Brighton Rock*.

The action of *A Gun for Sale* moves against the Christmas season, against the cheap religious images, "the plaster mother and child, the wise men and the shepherds," against the betrayal of Christ by Judas. Raven makes an association with himself and the holy family for whom there had been no room at the inn. He is angered by the fact that the myth of the birth of Christ is perpetuated by a godless nation: "Love, Charity, Patience, Humility; he knew all about those virtues; he'd seen what they were worth. They twisted everything: even the story in these, it was historical, it had happened, but they twisted it to their own purposes. They made him a god because they could feel fine about it all, they didn't have to consider themselves responsible for the raw deal they'd given him. He'd consented, hadn't he? That was the argument, because he could have called down 'a legion of angels' if he'd wanted to escape hanging there. On your life he could, he thought with bitter lack of faith." The similarity between Pinkie Brown and James Raven is their common betrayal by society, the destruction of their innocence. Raven had seen his mother cut her throat, and Pinkie had witnessed

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his parents' Saturday night ritual of sex. Both the entertainment and the novel make use of conventional religious symbolism, but in *A Gun for Sale* the references are seconded to the activity of the novel; in *Brighton Rock*, however, they give emphasis to the theme and help push the action into the dimension of religious allegory.

A Gun for Sale also moves against a background of political intrigue. Hired by a fat man, who calls himself Cholmondeley, to murder an important and humanitarian minister of a small European nation to incite enmity between England and that nation in order to insure the Midland Steel empire of Cholmondeley's employer, Sir Marcus, Raven is betrayed by both Cholmondeley and Sir Marcus. The theme of flight and pursuit finds dominance within the structure of the novel as Raven attempts to identify his betrayers. Mather, the detective engaged to marry Anne Crowder, follows the trail Raven leaves with his counterfeit money, but he does not know that Raven is the murderer whose action is exciting the country to war. Anne Crowder becomes unintentionally, as did her predecessor Coral Musker, involved in the action; her pity for Raven leads her first to befriend him, then to help him escape from the police so that he might find Cholmondeley and Sir Marcus, destroy them if necessary, and, as she thinks, thus prevent a war.

It is through Anne Crowder that the theme of betrayal finds its most important development in the novel. The other betrayals do not discomfit Raven, since he trusts no one. His education has taught him to put his faith in no one, particularly a woman. He cannot understand why Anne befriends him, and he instinctively mistrusts her. Anne herself is willing to take Raven as she finds him until she learns that he is the murderer of the old minister who had dedicated his energies to the prevention of war, and when she and Raven part, she does not hesitate to betray him to Mather. Willing to befriend him as one of the oppressed, a champion of the poor, she rejects him when she sees him as a betrayer of his class. Raven dies in the knowledge of her treachery, and he associates his betrayal with that of Christ by the Jews. He thinks of the crèche he had seen on arriving in Nottwich. Anne had said to him, "I'm your friend. You can trust me!" but she had betrayed him.

Within the symbolic structure of the entertainment Raven is a scapegoat, and the sins of the world are loaded onto his shoulders, a fact that he is resentfully aware of. But for all its religious implications, the book is predominantly secular in its outlook. With Raven, however, Greene comes near to the religious intensity that informs the novels beginning with *Brighton Rock*. Betrayed by Anne and the world, Raven reaches out for a God he doesn't believe in. Pinkie, his successor, believes in that same God, but has rejected Him. Allott and Farris say of Greene's world, "Where there is faith, in Greene, there is the profounder sense of evil and more helpless degeneration." In *A Gun for Sale* the unforget-

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table Acky, the unfrocked priest who finds some consolation for his betrayal in the genuine affection which he shares with his grotesque wife, exists as an aspect of evil rather than an exponent of it. Acky's marriage to the ancient procress is the union of lust and insanity; thus the religious note is held in abeyance.

Both Anne Crowder and Raven are near to Ida Arnold in their attitude to God; their religion has degenerated into superstition. Anne crosses her fingers when walking under a ladder because she needs any luck that's going, and Ida Arnold consults her ouija board to secure the sanction she needs to avenge Fred Hale's murder. Nevertheless, in *Brighton Rock* Greene relates for the first time the theme of the corrupted innocence, the theme of betrayal, the motif of the chase, and his own symbols of evil to a specifically religious theme: the Roman Catholicism of the central characters. The implied religious note of *A Gun for Sale*—Raven's likening himself to Christ, the "little bastard" betrayed by Judas—becomes in this decisive novel the frame of reference that informs its structure and makes it a consistent allegory on the subject of good and evil, which are allegorized in the boy Pinkie and the girl Rose. The subject matter is presented in the same melodramatic convention as before; the confrontations and the coincidences still form a portion of the structure. The chase, the confession, the betrayal, all the devices are subjected to the dominating religious motif, and it becomes an important consideration to understand why damnation is inevitable for Pinkie Brown. For *Brighton Rock* is a consistent allegory on the subject of good and evil, the religious framework allowing for the allegorical interpretations. The use of the sensational and the melodramatic permits Greene to present his theme in terms compatible with his religious thesis. The detective story framework sustains and is sustained by the allegory. Greene makes brilliant use of the images of nature in order to define good and evil in the phenomenal world. The background of Brighton and the sea at once lend the note of reality and form the symbolical background for the allegory; the sea is as real as it is symbolical of continuity. The amusement areas where all is flash and glitter, artifice and tinsel, love songs and rock candy afford an admirable contrast of color for the stark drama of black and white played out against them. The storm in which Pinkie dies emphasizes the spiritual turmoil of the drama, but it does not purge. It exerts its peculiar influence on the reader who agrees with the priest, who is Greene's spokesman, that the mercy of God is "appalling" to contemplate. The technique of the cinema camera prepares for the climaxes as Greene moves from scenes of color to scenes of unrelieved drabness, scenes of purposeless activity to scenes of tense inactivity—Pinkie on the bed amid the remains of his sausage roll, Pinkie looking at the woman who is saved, Ida at the race track. The cinema technique allows the reader to follow the chase, to understand the panic, to savour the suspense.

The conception of *Brighton Rock* is a brilliant one, Graham Greene at his

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melodramatic best. Following upon *A Gun for Sale*, it demonstrates to what an extent the religious note animates the narrative. And yet both books are very much alike. The fact that *Brighton Rock* makes use of specific religious subject matter distinguishes it from the entertainment and makes it a novel, according to the definition cited above.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, published in 1939, an entertainment, is secular in its outlook in the same sense as *Stamboul Train* and *A Gun for Sale*, and exhibits the same characteristics—the chase, the revenge, the motif of flight and pursuit. Greene's hero is a middle-aged scholar sent by his government to negotiate a contract with the British mine owners for badly needed coal. He is balked by counter agents and in the end defeated by them: he does not secure the coal his country needs, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy will not have it either.

In the characteristics of D., the hero, Greene enlarges on the theme of pity which he had lightly sketched in both the preceding entertainments. Myatt's concern for Coral and Anne's for Raven had been briefly outlined, but had been left undeveloped in order not to intrude on the action of the stories. In *The Confidential Agent* D. is represented as an elderly scholar who had at one time discovered an important manuscript of *The Song of Roland*. The war, which seems to parallel the war in Spain, had cut short his literary activities and forced him to devote himself to his party. He is alone, and the death of his wife at the hands of the fascists has paralyzed his feelings. He has nothing to hold on to, not even belief in God. And he cannot be certain of the integrity of the cause for which he fights. "It's no good taking a moral line—my people commit atrocities like the others," he says to Rose Cullen. Like Raven and Anne and Ida Arnold, D. is unable to trust to the God of tradition; and again it is this secular outlook that distinguishes the world of the entertainments.

Although he thinks he is past all feeling, D. is touched by the mute appeal of the child Else, and by the unhappiness of the girl, Rose Cullen, the daughter of Lord Benditch, D.'s contact for the coal his party so desperately needs. He finds it impossible to feel love since the death of his wife; but he can feel pity, and pity, according to Greene, can be a corrective emotion. His pity leads D., eventually, to a "happy" ending, when he goes off at the novel's end with Rose.

D. is aware of the evil in the world, but he is passive in the face of it, passive until the child Else is murdered by the manageress of the hotel in which he lives. D. had entrusted his identity papers to the child, and she is killed because she remains faithful to the trust. Once D.'s humanity is aroused by the brutality and senselessness of the murder, he is no longer the pursued but the pursuer. And like Ida Arnold, he can indulge in the luxury of revenge: ". . . If you believed in God, you could also believe that it [the body of Else] had been saved from much

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misery and had a finer future. You could leave punishment then to God. . . . But he hadn't that particular faith. Unless people received their desserts, the world to him was chaos: he was faced with despair." D. can indulge in the chase to satisfy his sense of outraged humanity; and as long as he adheres to the world's dictum regarding right and wrong, he can allow himself the luxury of revenge, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. There is no God, so vengeance is D.'s. But in the "religious" novels the issues are much more complex since there Greene is concerned with the more comprehensive problem of good and evil; right and wrong become aspects of the universal dilemma. The secular attitude is of course present in all the novels; but in the entertainments it is the point of view through which Greene develops his characters and his action. And yet by eliminating the religious point of view Greene does not minimize the religious sense. For, ultimately, in all his books, entertainments, novels, stories, plays, the final point of reference is God.

The Confidential Agent is not as successful an entertainment as *Stamboul Train*, nor does it demonstrate the conciseness and economy of *A Gun for Sale*. And its ending seems somewhat contrived, even considering the melodramatic contrivances of the plot. Greene allows D. to escape the web of evidence that has connected him with the murder of Else, the death of K., the political intrigue in which the government is involved, this done to bring about the "happy" ending which, as Greene wryly implies in the Preface to *The Third Man*, is one of the distinguishing features of the thriller type. D. is rewarded for a humanity which nothing has been able to destroy in him—nothing had been able to dry up the springs of pity which open to the pressure of Else's appeal. The typical Greene child, precocious and sad beyond her years, Else recognizes in D. a largeness of spirit, and her appreciation of his kindness leads to her sacrifice. Her faith engenders in D. a feeling of responsibility, as had Coral's in Myatt; D. must avenge her death since he cannot trust vengeance to God.

The Confidential Agent was followed by *The Lawless Roads*, a travelogue, in 1939 and *The Power and the Glory*, a novel, in 1940. *The Ministry of Fear*, an entertainment, appeared in 1943, and it stands in relation to *The Heart of the Matter* much as *A Gun for Sale* does to *Brighton Rock*. And like Greene's other entertainments it is fast-paced, melodramatic, exciting, perhaps the best. It depends on coincidence for much of its action, but unlike *Stamboul Train* and *A Gun for Sale*, it makes use of an actual war for its *mise en scène*: London at the height of the blitz. In this novel Greene exploits the theme of pity, which he uses to great advantage in *The Heart of the Matter*. In *The Ministry of Fear* the theme emerges as the central motif; and it is about the pity of Arthur Rowe, the hero, that much of the action turns. (In *The Heart of the Matter* Greene couples the theme of pity with that of Scobie's Roman Catholicism and succeeds in creating one of the most compelling and provocative novels of our generation.)

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IN *The Ministry of Fear* pity is shown to be a corrosive sentiment which, if allowed to develop disproportionately, creates in its advocate a sense of responsibility which at once sets him apart from his fellow beings and, paradoxically, causes him to love them the more for being apart. The overwhelming sentiment of pity makes Arthur Rowe capable of bearing pain but equally incapable of causing hurt to others. He becomes involved in the activities of a fifth column organization operating in bomb-torn London, an organization which uses as its front a charity, The Free Mothers of Europe. Unwittingly and unwillingly Rowe becomes the spokesman of humanity and the opponent of the cult of power, the same cult to which the lieutenant subscribes in Greene's Mexican novel, *The Power and the Glory*.

The construction of the novel makes it necessary for the action to develop from Rowe's point of view. And the entertainment is accordingly divided into four parts: the first deals with Rowe, the man who killed his wife out of pity; it sets the stage for the action and portrays the trapping accident, the fête, for, ironically, in the cake that Rowe wins the spy ring has placed the microfilm of secret naval plans. The second section deals with the happy man, the Rowe who has lost the memory of his past, the sense of pity that has propelled him since adolescence. The third section begins his reorientation—Rowe slowly discovers what his beliefs and convictions are and, since he is not reacquainted with the sense of responsibility that characterized him before, he is still happy. The fourth and last section is called "The Whole Man"—Rowe returns to Anna Hilfe, the woman who loves him, in complete knowledge of his past and her attempts to safeguard him from that knowledge. To portray these stages Greene is forced to present his action chiefly from Rowe's point of view. In order to arouse and maintain the suspense factor which is so important to the entertainments, however, Willi Hilfe, the representative of the cult of power, is developed from the "outside." When in *The Power and the Glory* Greene had portrayed the lieutenant, the inner motives of the power addict, particularly his antagonism to the Roman Catholic Church and all that it represented to the new power state, had been developed and given expression in the dramatic debates with the whiskey priest. The religion of power to which the lieutenant aspired was shown to be a thing of particular beauty. Violence and brutality, in the lieutenant's philosophy, were tools necessary to secure the operation of a religion which offered as its sacraments food, shelter, education. In *The Ministry of Fear*, however, Willi Hilfe is minimally characterized. And the philosophy that animates his actions is left undeveloped. For purposes of the plot and the surprise ending, Willi emerges at the entertainment's end as Rowe's antagonist. The reader discovers along with Rowe that Willi had attempted to murder his sister as well as Rowe, and that he had arranged the murder of Jones, the inept detective. The reader is asked to accept the personification of evil as it is; and he does. For the action develops

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with speed and ingenuity. Such melodramatic contrivances as a seance, a sanitarium, a Roman death in a fashionable tailor's shop, and a sensational suicide in a lavatory, as well as the suspense generated by the falling of the bombs and the constant threat of death from the enemy, the puzzle itself, all excuse the many irregularities of characterization.

The theme of pity is, however, the dominant concern of the book. Arthur Rowe had killed his wife because he could not bear to have her suffer from an incurable disease. He cannot be certain whether he killed her to be free himself of her pain or to relieve her of it. The courts had found him not guilty and released him to a life of haunted responsibility. He stumbles upon a fair, drawn to it "like innocence." He is reminded of vicarage gardens and girls in cool summer frocks; he is reminded of security. He remembers a Charlotte M. Yonge book, *The Little Duke*, and Greene ingeniously uses snatches of it as epigraphs to set the mood of the chapters. The fair allows Rose to set aside temporarily the misfortunes of twenty years that have taught him, a man "with a too sensitive mouth," to love too well; "People could always get things out of him by wanting them enough; it broke his precarious calm to feel that people suffered. Then he would do anything for them. Anything." The pity that Rowe feels for ugliness and misfortune makes him a bondsman of his emotion. At a cry of unhappiness or alarm he is ready to commit himself to any course of action. He has a sense of God, but it is undefined. As a boy he had been taught to believe, but somehow he had lost his childhood faith, preferring to depend on his own feelings for assurance of love. But his own feelings exaggerate the sense of pity, make of him a sacrifice to those who appeal to him.

The religious sense is, perhaps, more explicitly portrayed in *The Ministry of Fear* than in Greene's other entertainments, for Rowe's sense of loss, of innocence, is, inexplicably to him, somehow a sense of the loss of God:

Listening Rowe thought, as he so often did, that you couldn't take such an odd world seriously; though all the time he did, in fact, take it with a mortal seriousness. The grand names stood permanently like statues in his mind: names like Justice and Retribution, . . . But of course if you believed in God—and the devil—the thing wasn't quite so comic. Because the devil—and God too—had always used comic people, futile people, little suburban natures and the maimed and the warped to serve his purposes. When God used them you talked emptily of Nobility and when the devil used them of wickedness, but the material was only dull shabby human mediocrity in either case.

This passage indicates strongly why Greene peoples his universe with the "seedy," the unhappy, with "dull shabby human mediocrity."

With the betrayal of childhood innocence comes the knowledge of the phenomenal world, and the Wordsworthian theme—"the clouds of glory"—is developed. Aware only of "simplicities," the child does not understand the sense

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of pity which occasionally overtakes him, as it did the boy he was when Rowe killed the rat to keep it from suffering, one of his earliest memories. The child, in Wordsworthian idiom, becomes father of the man. For Rowe the man is Arthur the boy; the boy had killed the rat, the man his wife. With his loss of innocence had come the realization that humanity cannot be loved in the abstract, that only men and women can be loved. And this is exactly the lesson that the whiskey priest learns in *The Power and the Glory*. The Arcadian interlude in the sanitarium after Rowe's memory has been lost, becomes for him a period of reorientation into the world. He rediscovers the idyll of his childhood, but he also discovers the necessity of love, its inevitability. If one loves men and women, Rowe discovers, then it becomes necessary to love and hate as they do, "and if that were the end of everything suffer damnation with them." Rowe's love for Anna Hilfe, his betrayer's sister, leads him inevitably towards suffering, loss, despair. The sense of pity finds its man at the entertainment's end, and it is still the corrosive influence it had always been. The commentary on the theme is made by Prentice, the man from Scotland Yard, "Pity is a terrible thing," he says, "People talk about the passion of love. Pity is the worst passion of all: we don't outlive it like sex."

Rowe's passionate pity is indeed a form of egotism, since it insists that the individual assume responsibility of his fellow men without consulting God. It implies a lack of trust, of faith. In *The Ministry of Fear* this point is left unexplored, since the book exhibits the characteristics of the entertainments. In *The Heart of the Matter* this theme becomes more explicit. Both Rowe and Scobie's responsibility for and concern with unhappiness characterize them to such an extent that they become, paradoxically, humble men, bondsmen to those they love. The parallel drawn with Christ is implicit. Major Scobie, like Arthur Rowe, is defined by his pity, but he is aware of God in the world, for he is a Roman Catholic. And it is Scobie's religious belief that distinguished *The Heart of the Matter* from *The Ministry of Fear*. What in the entertainment is a religious sense becomes in the novel a religious theme.

GREENE'S next entertainment, *The Third Man*, was written in 1949 for the motion pictures. In the Preface to the Viking edition Greene explains that before he could write a script for Sir Alexander Korda and Sir Carol Reed he had first of all to develop the line of his story's action. *The Third Man*, never intended for publication, is the result. Greene admits that the motion picture is better than the story "because it is in this case the finished state of the story," an admission that is not wholly accurate.

The Third Man is interesting in that it contains in brief many of Greene's favorite themes. The entertainment concerns the penicillin racket in Vienna immediately after the last war. Harry Lime, the black marketeer, calls his friend

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Rollo Martins, a writer of Western adventure stories, to describe the occupation of the city, but Rollo arrives and discovers that Harry is dead. He suspects that Harry has been murdered, and he refuses to accept the police inspector's explanation that Lime was implicated in the rackets. Investigating for himself, Martins meets Harry's friends and Anna Schmidt, his mistress, and he learns from Harry's landlord that three men had carried the body to the pavement on the night that Harry had been run over by a truck, and the police account for only two. The action of the entertainment depends on Rollo's finding the third man.

Vienna, under the four-power occupation, allows Greene to develop many of *The Waste Land* images. The city itself is reminiscent of Eliot's Unreal City, and the title of the book owes as much to Eliot as it does to the Bible:

Who is the third man who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

The Biblical reference, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Luke is, of course, to the travelers to Emmaus. They are accompanied on their journey by a third man, and that man is Christ. In *The Third Man* that shadowy figure is ostensibly Harry Lime, actually Christ. Keeping one step ahead of the police, Lime had falsified his death. So Rollo Martins, in looking for Harry's murderer, looks for Harry. In his search he discovers that the man "he has hero-worshipped now for twenty-five years, since the first meeting in a grim school corridor with a cracked bell ringing for prayers," is, in reality, a child who has somewhere somehow replaced the innocence of childhood with the evil of maturity.

The search motif in *The Third Man* parallels that in Greene's other works—it is jointly a search of recognition and a search for meaning. Once he realizes that Lime, by selling adulterated penicillin, causes more suffering to those who already suffer, Rollo becomes the aggressor. The third man whom he seeks in reality accompanies him, for he is his sense of justice, his faith. The religious implications of the entertainment are, however, subdued, held in check by the more important demands of the action and the melodrama. But they appear nevertheless. Both Harry and Rollo are Catholics, although they wear their religion with greater nonchalance than other Greene characters. Their faith becomes important in the final action of the story, for Rollo's pity overwhelms his sense of duty, and he kills Harry rather than allow him to endure pain. Within the pattern of the entertainment Lime is the exponent of the cult of power. In dealing in black market goods, Harry not only puts himself above the law but

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presumes to judge individual humanity. He says to Rollo: "It's the fashion. In these days, old man, nobody thinks in terms of human beings. Governments don't, so why should we? They talk of the people and the proletariat, and I talk of mugs. It's the same thing. They have their five-year plans and so have I."

It would be unfair to condemn *The Third Man* as an inferior production. It is simple, economical, austere. If as an entertainment it does not measure up to the standards of Greene's earlier works, it must be remembered that the final version of the story is the motion picture. And as a motion picture *The Third Man* was outstanding. The city of Vienna, its bombed out houses, its sewers, "a cavernous land of waterfalls and rushing rivers, where tides ebb and flow as in the world above," indeed the region of the dead, formed the most suitable background for the portrayal of the Greene themes. The black and white photography, the strange music of the zither, all combined to make a strikingly excellent portrayal of the entertainment. The cogency of the Greene themes found commensurate exposition in the visual technique of the camera. And one can only say that the final version of the story is as successful as any other Greene entertainment.

The End of the Affair, a novel published in 1951, following upon *The Third Man*, demonstrates Greene's growing concern with the craft of fiction. The melodramatic contrivances of *Brighton Rock* and the entertainments and the dramatic technique of *The Power and the Glory* and *The Heart of the Matter* are replaced by devices more consistent within the forms of the modern novel: the use of narrator, the stream-of-consciousness technique, the flashback, the diary to explain motivation, the interior reverie, and the spiritual debate, all are used with extreme discretion as Greene tells his story about Sarah Miles, a woman who finds God and, possibly, sainthood. *The End of the Affair* is perhaps Greene's best constructed novel, although it is not his most successful. It was followed by *The Living Room*, a drama, in 1953, and by *Loser Takes All*, an entertainment, in 1955. Like *The Third Man*, *Loser Takes All* was originally written for the films, but it is a far cry from the other entertainments.

SLIGHT, easy-going, entertaining, *Loser Takes All* is a story of a Monte Carlo honeymoon. A middle-aged accountant husband, Bertram and his fiancée are invited by his employer, the Gom, short for Grand Old Man, to be his guests during their honeymoon. The Gom forgets to show up, and Bertram is forced to invent a system at roulette in order to live while waiting. The system works, Bertram becomes a comparatively wealthy man, manages to buy some important stocks in his firm from a reluctant stock holder who is temporarily out of funds while trying his own system at the roulette tables, and almost loses his bride. Bertram chooses to lose the fortune he has won to keep his wife, and manages to

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find something good in the Gom, who finally sails into the harbor in time enough to tell Bertram how to get his wife back.

Loser Takes All is a bright, occasionally witty, but rather inconsequential entertainment; perhaps it is a long story, lacking as it does the depth and flow of the early entertainments and novels. Nevertheless it is important in the Greene *œuvre* because it demonstrates the fact that Greene can be light-hearted when he feels like it, that he can develop a theme that is primarily comic if he wants to. Those expecting the intense gloom and pessimism of the early Greene will be disappointed, for *Loser Takes All* and its successor entertainment, *Our Man in Havana*, are both light-hearted, easy-going entertainment. And yet they are excellently done, for Greene is above all a craftsman of distinction, and he writes well, which is very well indeed.

Very often what the novels lose, the entertainments gain, a sense of movement and space, a feeling of power and imagination. But as often as not the novels gain what the entertainments lack, a deep insight into those dark corners of behavior that Greene loves to uncover, even if uncovering means a questioning of the beliefs of his faith. Greene's latest entertainment, *Our Man in Havana*, published in 1959, is a blessed relief from the high and serious tone that has pervaded much of his earlier work. For *Our Man in Havana* is, among other things, a delightful satire with a serious edge, one of the funniest books to appear in many a day, and a complete change of pace for Greene the artist. And this fact is significant because it illustrates again the range of Greene's creative genius; it gives the reader a closer look at a flair for comedy that has remained latent in the novels and entertainments, and barely perceptible in a few of the short stories. Greene's sense of irony, so apparent in the overly criticized and perhaps abused *The Quiet American*, the novel Greene published in 1955 and the one novel that uses indirectly rather than specifically a religious subject matter, is apparent here, but it is controlled by the author's appreciation of the tone and intention of his book.

Set in the near future, which appears uncomfortably like the immediate present, *Our Man in Havana* is like the other entertainments, an economical, tightly constructed, exciting satire on the exploits of the British Secret Service abroad; but unlike the other entertainments, it is amusing, witty; in short, entertaining. Chief agent for Phastcleaner vacuum cleaners, Jim Wormold, whose name is descriptive of his character as are those of other Greene characters, is one of the commercially unsuccessful, a group of people whom Greene dearly loves. Middle-aged, walking with a limp, early deserted by a beautiful wife, but blessed with a beautiful daughter whom he has promised to bring up a Roman Catholic despite the fact that he himself has no formal religion, Wormold finds his position in Havana difficult but not impossible. His chief difficulty is economic, for Milly, his daughter, has expensive tastes. She prays to her patron saints,

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makes novenas for what she wants, and usually succeeds; for Wormold can deny her nothing. He feels that there is something theologically wrong with her methods, but he is too kindly to remonstrate. Wormold solves his financial difficulties by allowing himself to become a spy for the secret service; he invents spies, borrows names from the Country Club registry, borrows for them, and himself, against an expense account, and manages to secure Milly's future by doing so. Eventually Wormold's creation springs unaccountably to life, and he is forced to a reckoning. By fabricating facts and passing them off as secret data, Wormold manages to bring about the deaths of a young aviator and his best friend, Dr. Hasselbacher. His sense of guilt leads him to avenge their deaths and, luckily for him, without being technically responsible for the death of the counter spy, Carter. Deported from Havana and back in London, his exploits now known by his employers, Wormold wonders what is to be done with him, for legally he is not guilty of espionage, all his information invented and his one actual attempt a failure. To his embarrassment the Secret Service presents him with a medal and makes him an instructor in the espionage school, an ironic reward for his bungling.

Anyone looking for deep philosophical and religious meaning in *Our Man in Havana* will be disappointed, for Greene does nothing more in the entertainment than entertain. The satire and the ease with which Greene moves into the field of comedy makes *Our Man in Havana* significant, and as an entertainment it gains and fails as his previous efforts have gained and failed—it is short in characterization but long in incident and detail. Nevertheless Greene's criticism of the contemporary political scene is as intelligent as ever it was in such early novels of social commentary as *England Made Me* and *It's a Battlefield*, and it is tinged with that pessimism and melancholy that the Greene reader has come to identify as an important aspect of the Greene universe. He pokes fun at stupid, bureaucratic procedure, and, indirectly and rather amusedly, he pokes fun at the heavy-handed irony of some of his earlier efforts. He criticizes the atomic age: Hasselbacher says, "We none of us have a great expectation of life nowadays, so why worry? . . . Push a button—pff bang—where are we?" And again Hasselbacher says, "You should dream more, Mr. Wormold. Reality in our century is not something to be faced." And Beatrice, Wormold's secretary, says, "The world is modelled after the popular magazines nowadays." So it is no wonder that Wormold models his espionage activities on the comic strip adventures of any number of popular heroes. All we need do is turn on our television sets to see the truth of Greene's observations. Wormold reasons that if one must play a child's game, he might as well play it all the way. Wiser than a child, however, Wormold remembers that when he plays with Milly she inevitably requires her money back. And in such seemingly artless comments as these Greene suggests, haltingly and tentatively, where before he had done so belligerently and dog-

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matically, the ultimate responsibilities of the individual. It is the epigraph that gives the reader the clue to the characterization, "And the sad man is cock of all his jests." Melancholy, concerned over his daughter's future, Wormold remains true to his only ideal, his feeling for the beautiful child. When his secretary, who grows to love him, says to Wormold, "I don't care a damn about men who are loyal to the people who pay them, to organizations. . . . I don't think even my country means that much. There are many countries in our blood—aren't there?—but only one person. Would the world be in the mess it is if we were loyal to love and not to countries?" she voices an important aspect of the entertainment's theme. But of all his jests, Wormold's experience has taught him that simple loyalty to one person is not enough, that ultimately loyalty must be given to an ideal stronger than an individual. If *Our Man in Havana* had been a novel rather than an entertainment, it might perhaps have developed this consideration. And the character of Wormold would have been drawn from within rather than from without. But this criticism is unfair; for the reader must concede that *Our Man in Havana* is exactly what Greene intends it to be—an entertainment that is entertaining.

Ultimately Greene is important for the scope and originality of the novels that have provoked critics and readers alike into philosophical and religious arguments over his questioning of certain of his Church's teachings. But as has been pointed out above, Greene is primarily a creative writer who happens to be a Catholic, not a Catholic writer. The fact that he uses his Church as background for the action of many of his books is incidental to the main appreciation of his artistry. The entertainments are not the thought-provoking human documents that the novels are, but they are interesting pieces that throw a good deal of light on the meaning and technique of the major novels. Above all, they are first rate in their genre, books that any writer of thrillers or light fiction would be proud of. And they demonstrate, above all, the versatility of the writer, his many parts, to use the Elizabethan expression. No wonder then that Greene is thought by many to be one of the greatest writers of our language, and perhaps our finest living novelist.

Hopkins as a Sacramental Poet: A Reply to Yvor Winters

By Thomas P. McDonnell

IT WOULD seem presumptuous, at this late stage in the criticism of Hopkins, to pretend to say anything new about his poetry. One cannot deny that the critical reaction to Hopkins, especially during the Thirties and Forties, has been considerable in quantity and ponderous in quality—ponderous in the better sense of possessing weight and substance. But within the last decade there has been an alteration of attitude which ranges all the way from Robert Graves' perfunctory dismissal of him ("poor, tortured Hopkins") to the recent opinion of Yvor Winters that Hopkins, after all, must now be rated as only one of the better minor poets of his time.

For myself, I must confess that the terms "major" and "minor," as applied to poets, seem irrelevant. There are only authentic poems, whether by Herrick or Homer, and I do mean by this to imply that correlative for valid poetic expression usually attributed to the once more or less exclusive machinations of the New Criticism. We can only read one poem at a time, and, according to the degree of complexity which we ourselves happen to possess, we either recognize in it an authentic recreation of personal experience in art, or we do not. To bandy around terms like "major" and "minor" is simply to indulge in the fallacy of the mythic-historic approach to poetry itself. A true poem is better than any category of abstraction we may apply to it; and the true poet is one who has written enough authentic poems to convince us that it was not all done by luck—though it may well have been done by mirrors (implying images), since poets, after all, have their own private tricks—and this despite the fact that the New Critics have done their utmost to prove that poems have no secrets—only methods which can be analyzed thoroughly and laid bare to the light of scientific inquiry.

Having thus indulged in the luxury of personal digression, it may now seem rather beside the point to say that we are here concerned neither with "poor, tortured Hopkins" (because he wrote poems to the Virgin instead of to the White Goddess?) nor with the limitations of a "major"- "minor" concept of criticism. It should be added, however, that such a concept must inevitably result in the fallacy of judgment by superlative—as in the conclusion of Yvor Winters on Hopkins, whose "place is not the place of the greatest nor even one of the greatest." I do not mean to say that Winters has tossed this off as an isolated and therefore supercilious remark, for he has, on the contrary, argued to its

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conclusion from an exposition of considerable length. But he has done so at the extreme cost of apparently failing to recognize the essential nature of Hopkins as a poet, especially after he had absorbed the Pre-Raphaelite notions on nature and art into the full maturity of the *sacramental vision*.

Before discussing this particular (and pervading) quality in Hopkins, it may be of some advantage to examine briefly the chief attitude in the approach of Yvor Winters to the criticism of poetry. Granted the gift and discipline of the reflective faculties, it may not only be reasonably assumed—it is imperative—that a work of art should be considered in a free and liberal and humanistic orientation of mind. But Yvor Winters has forced upon the criticism of poetry an assumption which, though it has a practical air about it, too often results in becoming the bound-but-ungagged victim of its own limitations. I have discussed elsewhere ("Criticism and Belief," *Renascence*, Spring 1959) the notion of poetry that Winters has often enunciated, and for which he has slain critic after fell-critic for their having dared to suggest that he renounce it instead. I have not, however, heard any of these critics point out the simple clarifying fact that Winters is an out and out Horatian. For him, as for Horace, poetry is first of all a commentary *on* experience; it is never an act of artistic involvement *in* experience. This may be perfectly acceptable to the classical frame of mind, but it leaves the romantic completely out in the cold, and that is the very atmosphere of mind in which the romantic cannot possibly survive without damage both to his nature and to his art. And yet this is exactly what Winters would insist upon: the priority of generalization over the particular; that we all, as readers, be once removed (with art as the removing agent) from experience and emotion, rather than being moved in and by them. I do not mean, if it appears so, to indulge in criticism by pun and coy semantics; but I do not believe, in any event, that I have seriously damaged Winters' meaning, though I may have injured his pride.

Let me explain this further. In *The Function of Criticism* (Alan Swallow, 1957) Winters has published an essay entitled "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins." He begins by quoting and then comparing three different poems: John Donne's "Thou hast made me," "Low Barometer" by Robert Bridges, and one of the dark sonnets of Hopkins, "No worse, there is none." I do not think that anyone can reasonably deny that the poems by Donne and Bridges are true and authentic poems; surely, however, there is a travesty of critical logic involved somewhere, when by "proving" that they are indeed true and authentic poems, you also "prove" that the third one, because it is a different type of poem, is false and unreliable. What Winters is really objecting to is that Hopkins apparently lacked, by nature, a certain kind of temperament, and, artistically, a certain talent for precise abstraction. "This poem," he writes, "differs from the two preceding in that it deals primarily with a particular and personal experience; the difficulty

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consists in the fact that there is so little generation that we can feel no certainty regarding the nature of the experience beyond the fact that it has generated a desperate emotion." The difficulty is, on the contrary, that an intelligent critic should so easily overlook the fact that desperate emotions in human beings have been actually known to exist. Poets are no more exempt from these intense emotional states than anyone else—in fact, it is the general opinion that they may, for some reason, be more susceptible to them. And because this is so, Hopkins needed no Freud to tell him:

O the mind, mind has mountains: cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there.

Winters, however, almost arrogantly demands: "What do you know of these matters? Why are you so secretive? And above all, why are you so self-righteous in your secretiveness?" It is flatly incredible that Winters could have allowed himself, under whatever pretext of dispassionate criticism, to become so far removed and aloof from the human predicament, or to assume, moreover, that the human predicament, even in its extreme manifestations, has no place in the kind of poetry he considers to be the official poetry of the English language. Compare this insular and self-limiting attitude with the humanistic and inclusive attitude of Babette Deutsch who, in *Poetry in Our Time* (Henry Holt, 1952), recognizes in the dark sonnets "the force of a cry torn out of the dark night of the soul. They were composed when Hopkins had become to himself, in St. Augustine's words, 'a land of hardness and much sweat.' The nature of his despair was such as only a religious can know, yet, like so much religious poetry, it declares the most human of passions." It should also be noted that although Winters discusses this poem in relation to two others by different authors, he (for some unaccountable reason) declines to discuss it in the context of the other dark sonnets, thus abandoning the critical responsibility of dealing with them in the image they present of the human soul in extreme (but not hopeless) distress. In other words, instead of coming to terms with this particular image of experience, Winters merely complains about its (to him) discomforting presence: "Who is this man to lead us so far and blindfold into violence? This kind of thing is a violation of our integrity; it is somewhat beneath the dignity of man." The dignity, one might add, of answering such a statement is also at stake. It does, however, serve to point up the folly of those who hold that the poem, at all costs, must be irrevocably separated from the poet. For although a poem must indisputably stand upon its own merit and within its own economy, it cannot but reflect the nature of the poet's belief and his vision of life—a vision of life, moreover, which is not static and private and solipsistic, but changing and personal and shared. Of course Winters himself realizes this when, aside from the convenience of designation, he simply writes the title, "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins." It is

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perhaps childish to point out that we do not say, "The Poetry of Blank," but the poetry of *Hopkins*—this poet, this man, this individual involved in the act of recreating human experience through art. "Yet poetic experience also implies a typical kind of knowledge through connaturality. Poetic knowledge is non-conceptual and non-rational knowledge; it is born in the preconscious life of the intellect, and it is essentially an obscure revelation both of the subjectivity of the poet and of some flash of reality coming together out of sleep in one single awakening." (Maritain in *Range of Reason*, Scribners, 1952).

ACCEPTING such a premise, it is now possible to say something about the nature of Hopkins as poet. Again it is Yvor Winters who both supplies and inevitably stimulates the point of departure. In the same essay mentioned earlier, he writes: "There seems to be some agreement to the effect that Hopkins' commonest method of constructing a poem is to describe a landscape or a part of one and then to provide an application which is usually religious." He then cites a quotation of Arthur Mizener which substantially says the same thing, even to identifying the "basic structure" (their term, not mine) of the typical Hopkins lyric as "a description followed by a comment, an application." Inadvertently, it is by this theory of "application" that we can, with considerable advantage, come to understand more fully the kind of poet Hopkins himself came to be. The point is that nothing could be more superficial than to say that Hopkins wrote poetry according to the theory of application. If it were simply a matter of tacking on pietistic appendages to what started out to be charming observations on nature, the poems of Hopkins could not possibly have the depth and density they exhibit. The fact that the poems do radiate with sense of almost organic being cannot by any stretch of poetic compensation be attributed solely to Hopkins' vigorous use of language. The failure, then, of the application theory must lie elsewhere. It is, I believe, a failure of the secular imagination to recognize the very real presence of the theological implications in Hopkins' poetry. This at first may seem a rather baseless, if not anti-climatic, charge; but not when you relate it to the inadequacy already mentioned. Specifically, the doctrine involved is that of the *immanence of God* in the world; and though it is naturally not to be expected that every critic share the faith of the poet, it is to be expected, as R. P. Blackmur would say, that he conduct his homework with such diligence as may reveal the full extent of his investigations. That is why a book like John Pick's *Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest and Poet* is of particular value, "because it shows clearly that the threads of poet and priest were not separate in Hopkins, but rather were a single strand in the web of his nature and development." To claim willy-nilly, on the other hand, that Hopkins merely applied religiosity to nature writing is not only to commit a gross and almost culpable error, but to miss the whole point. When Hopkins says, "The world is charged with the

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grandeur of God," he is not simply using, as some may think, an over-wrought figure of speech; he literally means it. He is declaring in poetry the doctrine of the *immanence of God* in the world.

It is curious to note, however, that a more sympathetic approach itself is no guarantee against error or half-truth in a matter which demands the discipline of accurate interpretation rather than the relativity of subjective feelings. One of the Kenyon Critics, H. M. McLuhan, in *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (New Directions, 1945), said this: "Hopkins habitually shifts his gaze from the order and perspectives of nature to the analogous but grander scenery of the moral and intellectual order. . . . Or the book of nature provides parallel passages with the supernatural revelation of Scripture." But you could say the same thing of any good Emersonian Transcendentalist. Hopkins did not shift his gaze around like a Victorian nature-lover seeking nobler motives; it was always constant and loving and sometimes even fearful. The universe everywhere shouted its identity to him, from "the dearest freshness deep down things" to "Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!" In fact, this intense awareness of the divine creative act, by which everything exists, was without question one of the dominant themes of his poetry [reference to poem numbers in the following excerpts is to *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. W. H. Gardner, (Third Edition, New York, 1948)]:

Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour and wonder
His mystery must be instressed, stressed;
For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I understand. (28)

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and ah! bright wings. (31)

Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows. (32)

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (one knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change;
Praise him. (37)

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour . . .
These things, these things were here and but the beholder
Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet. (38)

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Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,
But unumbered: meadow-down is not distressed
For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bones risen. (39)

This, all this beauty blooming,
This, all this freshness fuming,
Give God while worth consuming. (48)

Each mortal thing does one thing and the same;
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells . . .
Christ—for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces. (57)

Wild air, world-mothering air,
Nestling me everywhere . . .
I say that we are wound
With mercy round and round
As if with air . . . (60)

What do then? how meet beauty? Merely meet it: own,
Home at heart, heaven's sweet gift; then leave, let that alone.
Yea, wish that enough, wish all, God's better beauty, grace. (61)

In each of these quotations, and they are surely not all that could have been selected, it is possible to trace the trinitarian effect implicit in the *immanence of God*: *Scientia ut dirigens* (Wisdom); *Voluntas ut imperans* (Will); *Potentia ut exequens* (Powers). But it would be excessive to claim that Hopkins, as part and parcel of the creative process in writing his poetry, had these principles consciously and formally in mind. For they were, in reality, already ingrained in the deepest recesses of his inner nature—"It is the forged feature finds me"—as the eucharistic and sacramental presence of Christ in the world. That is why it comes so close to irresponsible criticism to say that Hopkins merely provided religious afterthoughts to emotionalized pieces of landscape. "Ground of being," wrote Hopkins in "The Wreck of the Deutschland," "and granite of it: past all / Grasp God. . ." This is no easy and romantic disposition toward created nature, but bears the full weight and substance of theological thought.

It has occurred to me, if they ever came to read them within the present context, that Yvor Winters and Arthur Mizener might possibly claim that I have inadvertently supported their case by selecting lines which occur mostly in the sestets of the sonnets—that is to say, I have quoted from the very section they had already described as artificial appendages. But surely it is common textbook knowledge that the sonnet form hinges upon the pivotal point between octave and sestet; and yet, granting even that much, it is also common knowledge that Hopkins can hardly be said to have been inhibited by strictures of formality.

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"Passage from sensation to intuition was often instantaneous: A shape was caught in curved oneness as inscape, stress was felt, and subsequent acts of distress followed rapidly, turning the message of inscape to spiritual profit." (Alan Heuser in *The Shaping Vision of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Oxford, 1958). Poems which for Robert Frost begin with delight and end in wisdom, more often for Hopkins begin in opacity and explode into light. And this, almost always (that is, when successful in poetry), was the light of the *sacramental vision*. Admittedly, in any poem, the quality of the poetry comes first; but if the quality is found to be of a high order, and the theme consistent with it, then we may safely conclude, as in the case of Hopkins, that the *sacramental vision* had been given its poetic manifestation.

YVOR WINTERS has become so contradictory in this matter that one can only marvel at the latitude of his logic. For he can say, "In no other literary period, I think, save our own, would a poet who was both a priest and a genuinely devout man have thought that he had dealt seriously with his love for Christ and his duty toward him by writing an exciting description of a landscape: this kind of thing belongs to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, to the period of self-expression and the abnegation of reason. . . ."

On the other hand, Winters states that: "Hopkins was a Catholic priest, and Catholic doctrine exalts reason, teaches distrust of impulse, and insists on a measure of conformity to familiar norms. That his faith and his vocation disciplined Hopkins' personal life I believe to be undeniable. . . . But the question arises as to what interpretation of Catholic doctrine he found which justified him in writing poetry of the kind in which he commonly indulged himself. The answer to the question is not far to seek."

Obviously, then, although the question may not have been far to seek, it must be presumed never to have been found. For Winters immediately goes off on an excursion to prove that his own views of art are more Thomistic than those of Pick and more Jesuitical than those of W. A. M. Peters, S.J. But not once does he come in full contact with the doctrine of the *immanence of God*, which, of course, the impartial critic must permit himself to recognize (though not necessarily to believe) if he is to come to any understanding at all of the essential nature of the sacramental poems.

It is, I believe, just this discrepancy of attention that allows Yvor Winters to embark upon one of the most extraordinary readings of "The Windhover" to be found in modern criticism. As Alan Heuser has noted, hardly a year passes without some increase to the store of "Windhover" criticism, and Winters begins his contribution by describing the octave of that poem as mere description at best. Also the dedication, "To Christ our Lord," may be just that and nothing more; but no explanation is attempted to account for Hopkins' immediate capi-

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talization of "Falcon" in the second line. If "The Windhover" is one of the most widely discussed poems in modern criticism, then surely the word "buckle" is one of the most controversial words. Concerning it, Winters goes on to discuss Pick's interpretation, as well as those of McLuhan, Ruggles, and himself. But I do not think that there is any need for even a restrained sense of petulance in this matter or any room for astonishment because a single word, in its poetic use, is capable of various interpretations. Furthermore, it is impossible to "prove" or even to demonstrate in a tentative manner, that a single and official interpretation does in fact exist. This in itself would seem to bear out the inadequacy of Winters' insistent definition of a poem as, first of all, a rational statement. So much is the literal mind the enemy of the poetic imagination, that Winters can say very commonsensely, "the dive, or drop, of the falcon is . . . not an act of self-sacrifice, it is an attack on the bird's prey." Again, "To describe a bird, however beautifully, and to imply that Christ is like him but greater, is to do very little toward indicating the greatness of Christ." This, to me, would seem rather to indicate that the poets and critics had better get together and reconstruct the whole theory of symbolism in English poetry. It is, on the contrary, the completely committed intensity of symbolism that renders the Falcon of Hopkins a far different creature from Shelley's skylark or Bryant's waterfowl or even one of Winters' prize Airedales. I do not intend this last remark as an offense against either Winters or Airedales, but I would not on that account, for example, hold against Thompson that he had written "The Hound of Heaven."

Returning to "buckle," however, I would like to add one last word on this seemingly inexhaustible word. Assuming that you have had your own copy of the poem before you, let us now look at the crucial first tercet:

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

There is no doubt that "buckle" is a term both of *instress* and *pitch* (*inscape* had already been immediately established in the octave with "I caught") and, as Babette Deutsch has said, it "literally clinches the image." And then, in a passage that is notable for its charity of perception and depth of insight, accommodating those points of view which in the reaction of Winters seemed only prohibitive, Babette Deutsch says this:

If the obvious meaning of "buckle" is to fasten on armor, the word has other meanings: to grapple, to crumple or bend to the breaking point, and also to grapple or engage, as, in Scottish or North of England dialect, it means "to marry." The falcon in its glorious motion is an instance of "brute beauty" everywhere, and here an image of spiritual beauty. In the person of Christ the two "buckle," being one. But since the world reflects God imperfectly, the falcon as a type of physical excellence is no match

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for the type of moral grandeur, and so in the contrary sense, the two, contending, "buckle." "AND" it is precisely when the image of "brute beauty" suggested by the bird weds, surrenders, "buckles," to the image of divine grace, that a fire breaks from him, far more resplendent than the gleam of his wings in the morning light. And infinitely "more dangerous" fire, too, the perils of the spiritual life being greater than those any soldier of fortune has to face.

The image of brute beauty surrenders to the image of divine grace. In a statement like that one realizes at once that a recognition has been made of the *sacramental vision*. Following immediately upon this recognition, almost instantaneously, "AND," the explosion and particular device of Hopkins, breaking into the image of fire and light. But Winters will have no part of this and puts an end to any further possibility of dialogue concerning it: "To defend this sort of thing with pretentious remarks about the 'sacramental view of nature' is merely foolish, no matter how numerous, pious, and ancient the precedents which one may be in a position to cite." But I do not so much fear for the piety of ancient precedents as I do for a method of criticism that will arbitrarily exclude from its consideration one of the major concepts of the work of art it pretends to examine. It would make as much sense to refuse to discuss the Book of Job, for instance, because it is too "religious."

Finally, if as Alan Heuser says, Hopkins believed with Duns Scotus "in Christ's eucharistic or sacramental Presence working in created nature since the beginning of time," and this made richly evident by Hopkins himself in both his poems and prose writings, then certainly it would seem not only germane but mandatory to explore the effect of this major theme in his poetry, and especially in the sacramental sonnets. Neither does the theme, or concept, require any numerous and pious and ancient citations to defend it. But maybe, for the sake of conclusion, it could stand a contemporary one. Alfred Kazin, writing on Robert Penn Warren's *Selected Essays* in the Spring 1959 issue of *Partisan Review*, says of Warren that "He sees the experience of modern man as one that cries out for the Christian vision of the world as sacramental, not accidental and meaningless. . . . The opposite of Warren's 'sacramental' vision is not, as he suggests in the essay on Conrad, the 'sceptical' vision; it is the imagination working with what cannot be *entirely* construed as ideas and meanings; it is the imagination delighting in its own power." I am not precisely sure how this last is to be taken, since it is the purpose of the *sacramental vision* to incarnate existence, not to abstract it. But it does seem more than reasonably certain that an imagination which takes delight in its own power may well end up in isolating itself from any possibility of shared reality. When Hopkins himself broke out of his long poetic silence, he not only added freshness and vigor to the use of language, but entered into the shared reality of the *sacramental vision*. "Give beauty

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Zola, Werfel, and the Song of Bernadette

By Vincent A. McCrossen

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON in his biography of Zola makes the point that whatever else one may say of Zola he was always a sincere and honest enemy, and one can always discern clearly the ground upon which Zola takes a stand and can follow the directness of his aim against the areas upon which he makes assault. It is not my purpose to deny all validity to Josephson's assertion. It may have limited validity for some of the political and social issues with which Zola concerned himself. It has no validity, however, for his novel *Lourdes* published in 1894, in which Zola perhaps gives a suggestion to Franz Werfel for the latter's title, *The Song of Bernadette*, since Zola in several instances speaks of *le cantique de Bernadette* sung and narrated on a pilgrimage train to Lourdes. In Zola's *Lourdes* one can be sure neither of the ground on which the author stands, for he stands on several contradictory grounds, each opposed to the other, nor of the directness of his aim, for he shoots willy-nilly in all directions without apparent aim and with full broadsides blasts terrain on which he has stood or will stand at a few pages' distance. And concerning his sincerity and honesty one can gain no clear concept. One is even left with unanswerable questions as to whether Zola is an enemy and if so of what. Least of all can one be certain of Zola's real attitude and conviction as to what is the truth and beauty of the story of Bernadette itself.

Zola's novel follows somewhat closely the classical unities of time and action and, with some elbow room, even the unity of place. The locale of the novel is the train during the almost endless hours of the trip to Lourdes and back, as well as the streets and paths of Lourdes itself, including, of course, the Grotto, the Basilica, and the Crypt. Its time span is a five day round trip from Paris to Lourdes, and those five days knit themselves into an inseparable unity of action, the pilgrimage, with the characters being the inevitable ones that one must expect on such a pilgrimage. They are the "white train" stretcher and litter cases, together with their attendants and relatives, who make their trip to Lourdes to implore at the famed shrine a cure from the terrible maladies that afflict them. Chief among these characters are Marie Guersaint and her lifetime friend, a Catholic priest who has lost his faith, Father Pierre Froment, who in spite of his cassock loves Marie. And so unified is the action that even the lesser characters fulfill perfectly Lessing's or Aristotle's demands that the "chorus" be made

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up of ordinary people away from home on justifiable business, all having a concern in the central action.

There is, however, in the novel one other thread of unity, a thread taking up more length than any other single theme in the work: namely, the story or *cantique* of Bernadette as read and related with comments by Father Pierre. The priest relates the story of Bernadette at various moments of the trip. The priest of lost faith is obviously Zola's own *porte parole* about Lourdes and Bernadette's story. We may take his song of Bernadette as evidence that Zola is utterly at loss for an explanation of what Lourdes is about, that its very existence is a fascination and puzzle to him, and that upon whatever ground he takes a stand, it proves shifting sand to him, and he must hastily leap from it to take some other precarious position.

Even the very title indicates Zola's predilection for Lourdes. The title cannot be separated from the series in which Zola's novel falls. *Lourdes* is one of Zola's series entitled *Les Trois Villes*, in which he tries to assay the religious and social problems of the end of the nineteenth century. The other two cities are Rome and Paris. Now if one should choose to write a series of novels of *the three cities*, it is logical that one should write of Rome and Paris. And after that, *what?* The Latino- and Franco-philes might say: "Throw in the towel and make it a two-city series. What remains to be written about after Rome and Paris?" And I should not terribly disagree with them. But if we hold out for a third city, it might, I suppose, be London or Cairo or Moscow or Tokyo or, in our day, New York. But Lourdes! One would have to go to great lengths to think of Lourdes—if one were thinking of cities purely in geographically and secularly historical terms.

To equate this obscure village nestled within the mountain fastness of the Pyrenees with Rome and Paris means for Zola or for anyone else only one thing: one is seeking an answer to the question: what is Lourdes? What is its significance? Did the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, appear in various months of 1858, to one Bernadette Soubirous, the unlettered and sickly daughter of a ne'er-do-well miller, and give her sundry public and private messages? Did she tell her to dig and to drink of a spring at that time non-existent but which within a few short hours of Bernadette's awkward grubbing broke forth into copious abundance, and in whose healing waters there has been since those days an unbroken record of cures inexplicable to medical science? Are these miracles? Or are they attributable to purely natural processes of a water which countless chemical analyses have proved as typical Pyrenees mountain water of no therapeutic properties whatsoever? Did a lady appear to Bernadette? Was the lady the Immaculate Conception as Bernadette insisted she said she was? Is God at work at Lourdes through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, bringing help and healing to those who are afflicted? Is Lourdes, as it were, a crack thrown open

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from Heaven to give a suffering and doubting world a thread to follow and strengthen it beyond mere ordinary human means to work for its salvation? Or is Lourdes a hoax of monstrous proportions, an international superstition, devouring within its Molochan maw the money, the frustrated hopes and futile prayers of the millions of suffering humanity who seek healing at its shrines and in its waters? *What*, in short, is Lourdes?

For Zola to equate Lourdes with Rome and Paris is inevitably to pose this question and to seek its answer. Certainly the answers given in Zola's story of Bernadette do not bespeak the sincerity, honesty, and unswerving directness of aim that Josephson claims for him.

ZOLA'S BERNADETTE is a simple girl who has let her imagination run away with her so that she quite sincerely believes what she says; but between what she says and the reality there is nothing but obscurity. At the same time she is an alert girl, incapable of exaggeration or imagination, and whom, because of her peasant astuteness, one cannot deceive. Bernadette is a good girl who is filled with imperfections. She is incapable of lying, but nonetheless a liar. She is proud and incapable of adapting herself to convent life. Yet she is very humble and amenable. She is of an insuperable stubbornness and defiance before the civil and ecclesiastical authorities who tried to force her to retract. But at the same time she is easily crushed and humbled. She is little given to speech, grown up in the silence of rural Bartres; she is *farouche*, seems to repel those who come in contact with her and to be disliked by them because she is without charm and sense of humor. At the same time she has a unique delightfulness. She is lively, alert, and quick to reply. She is devoted to prayer, and is religious to a point of severity and constantly wishes to suffer for others. And yet she is not zealous. After her joining the religious order under no circumstances would she think of going back to Lourdes, nor to the Grotto where she had seen the lady. A single page later she wants to go there more than anything else in the world.

Through all this maze of contradictions until the very final pages of the novel Zola's attitude toward Bernadette may be unquestionably summarized as largely sympathetic. It is clear that Zola really likes Bernadette herself, and even in a confused religious sense sees in her *le nouveau Messie de la souffrance si touchante dans sa réalité humaine*. But in the final pages of the novel he reaches a crescendo of disapproval of her, not really for anything rooted in the events of Lourdes but because she had remained a virgin. We must remember from another of Zola's series *Les Quatre Evangiles*, that one of his gospels is *Fécondité*. So after having floundered through a wealth of contradictory approval of Bernadette and having refused consistently to attack the truth and reality of her visions, he finally in the closing pages grabs his courage together to go on a tangent

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which has nothing to do with the main questions of Bernadette and Lourdes and its miracles and for which there is little or no preparation in the rest of the novel, and roundly condemns Bernadette and even the Blessed Virgin Mary herself. *"Décrier que la femme n'est digne d'un culte qu'à la condition d'être vierge, en imaginer une qui reste vierge en devenant mère, qui elle-même est née sans tâche, n'est-ce pas la nature bafouée, la vie condamnée, la femme nîée, jetée à la perversion, elle qui n'est grande que fécondée, perpétuant la vie?"*

CONCERNING the miraculous appearances and events at Lourdes Zola is equally contradictory. There seems to be a general thread of disbelief. But he readily grants that Bernadette saw a marvellous lady. And he accepts completely the testimony of Dr. Douzous that Bernadette was not burned or hurt in any way by the flame of a candle applied to her as she was talking to the lady, but was burned as any ordinary person would be burned as soon as the lady left her.

Concerning the city of Lourdes itself Zola is savage against its commercialization and with a remark that might have come from Christopher Dawson or Marc Chagal declares that faith is dead when it does not stir men to put beauty into their churches and works of art. But he admires the convenience and business acumen of the commercialization and finds it appropriate to an age of reason and progress. And yet, although he sometimes mocks the pre-Bernadette Lourdes still slumbering in its medieval dream, he appears sympathetic toward the old Lourdes, and defends its morals and its outlook against the modern Lourdes that has grown up around the Grotto and the pilgrimages.

As if adding contradiction to contradiction, in the only areas of the book over which Zola has complete creator's control, namely, the characters he has created for the pilgrimage, Zola is on all sides simultaneously. Marie, one of the two principal characters, goes to Lourdes with all the best medical opinion stating that her case is hopeless. She is accompanied by the man who loves her, Pierre, the priest who lost his faith. Pierre is desolate over her trip because he knows her case is hopeless, knows that there is no physician anywhere who believes anything can be done for her, and he dreads to see her come home disappointed. But when Marie is cured at Lourdes he suddenly remembers that there had been one physician, a close friend of his, who said that the illness resided only in her imagination and that it would be cured under strong emotional stress exactly as it was cured at Lourdes. This fact satisfies Pierre that there is no miracle in the cure of Marie, and as a result he is strengthened in his atheism.

Among the minor characters of the pilgrimage, however, there are cures: a cancer victim restored to life and beauty. There are those for whom a cure is initiated and for whom a continuing cure may be hoped. Finally, there is the

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case of a woman in the last stages of tuberculosis who finds sudden and complete health at Lourdes only to suffer a relapse on the return trip to Paris. Thus, even in Zola's own created fiction there are miraculous cures, incipient cures, exaggerated cures that lead to disappointment, and then, of course, the uncured.

It may be interesting to note that Zola's fiction is at this point no less puzzling than his real life acts. When Zola visited Lourdes in 1893, we learn from Léon Deffoux and Emile Zavie in *Le Groupe de Médan* that one of his first acts was to dispatch a bottle of Lourdes water to his friend Paul Alexis, whose sight had grown so myopic that he could not see his thumb before him. Doctors were unable to help him. Zola wires Alexis that he is sending him water drawn personally from the grotto of Massabielle. Shortly the mail brings to Alexis the promised flask "as carefully packed as a sample of old Burgundy." Alexis having faith in Zola but not Lourdes bathed his eyes in the liquid and his sight almost instantaneously was improved. Yet Zola in his contradictory way, seems to have attributed the cure to natural causes.

In one final gesture in terms of heaping up an Ossa of doubts on a Pelion of contradictions Zola in the closing pages of *Lourdes* speaks of the need of a new religion. Like Lourdes he suggests it should leave the door open for mystery. Catholicism, he says, is dying, but the new religion should be like it, for it fulfills an eternal need. But wearily he asks: how can one sow a new religion in an age of science? Then he half suggests an answer. The pilgrims at Lourdes are like socialists and anarchists. They will not be satisfied with the "no" of an impotent medical science. They are in revolt against the "no's" and "impossibles" of an old world. They demand a new justice and a new equality of health and happiness.

Zola carries the thought no further. In his *Lourdes* far from being the direct and certain assailant Josephson claims him to be, Zola gives the impression of a man who has tackled a question too vast for him and too baffling, and who, as far as the answer is concerned, had not at all the certainty he imagined he had when he began to write. It is probable that, as he first conceived the work, Zola meant to be an enemy of Lourdes. But he could not find convincing evidence to back up his pre-conceived enmity. The evidence was overwhelmingly in favor of what he felt he should oppose. Furthermore, the natural charm of Bernadette made a very favorable impression upon him. The final result is a hopelessly confused Zola who often prods himself to remember that he means to be an enemy but finds himself unable to meet the task. Thus, he wobbles dizzily from terrain to terrain, afraid where his thought would next lead him. The result is that Zola's story of Bernadette ends on a singularly unconvincing note.

FRANZ WERFEL may very likely have read Zola's *Lourdes* and to what extent his novel is influenced by Zola would be perhaps an interesting study.

ZOLA, WERFEL, AND THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

The conclusions that would be drawn, however, although highly tenable, would be equally unprovable, and the result might be a study that confuses resemblances with influences, possibilities with certainties. For in his early days, like many of his German contemporaries, Werfel was but limitedly impressed with the French naturalists, and he soon discarded them for the incomparably greater genius of Dostoevsky. I would be favorably inclined to the belief that Werfel's title might possibly have been suggested by Zola's expression, *le cantique de Bernadette*. It is quite possible that Werfel's indignation at the witches' Sabbath of stucco facades, the miscarriages of a poisonous architectural manner in the triumphant post-Bernadette Lourdes may have some root in Zola's similar criticism. The stark realism or even naturalism in the description of the day to day life of the Soubirous family in the early pages of Werfel's novel, if not directly inspired by Zola, could certainly be considered as a lineal descendant from the technique of the French naturalist.

Werfel's *Song of Bernadette* is, however, not by any means a refinement upon Zola or an improvement in the techniques over a possible progenitor. The fact that Werfel's story is clearer is because his purpose is clearer. His novel is first of all a prayer of thanksgiving and the performance of a vow he had promised. In fleeing from the National Socialist minions of Hitler, Werfel, an Austrian Jew, who intellectually was prepared to accept Catholicism, but because he was married to a divorcee found it personally awkward to do so, paused in his flight for a few anxious weeks of hiding at Lourdes. There he vowed that if he succeeded in escaping capture at the hands of the National Socialists he would in thanksgiving with the best of his ability present the real Bernadette in a novel. The Bernadette that emerges from Werfel's story, although *fictionalized*, is in many basic areas the Bernadette that is revealed by the civil and ecclesiastical records, by the events of Lourdes and their consequences. Werfel's *Song of Bernadette* tells of her from her childhood to her canonization. Far from seeing himself as a follower of Zola, Werfel would undoubtedly put Zola in the enemy camp. From his personal suffering he understood only too deeply that there is many a point of rapprochement between the Zolaesque mechanistic *theoretical* interpretation of man and the *practical* treatment of man under National Socialism.

Bernadette, thus, emerges clearly as a spiritual antithesis to the world in which both Zola and Hitler have their roots. Because the spiritual significance of a Bernadette is not grasped and embraced, because the manifestations of God's love and mercy for man are often callously ignored, because the Zolas and the Hitlers have more conceited and more activist followers than Bernadette, we have the madness of modernity. Werfel thus makes Bernadette the carrier of his plea to renounce pride and conceit and spiritual blindness. This he says in countless places in the novel but nowhere more clearly than in a passage like the

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following: "Thence it comes that ages which deny the divine meaningfulness of the universe are smitten even to blood by collective madness, however reasonable and enlightened they may be in their own conceit."

Yet, in spite of all the sincerity and reverence of Werfel for his subject and in spite of all the clarity with which the *Song of Bernadette* has been written by him, I think it doubtful that he has really understood her. To Werfel she is basically always the dim-brained child of the Pyrenees, infused by a special grace of God to be a special vase of election of His Blessed Mother. She emerges from Werfel's treatment basically a romantic character. She is a romantic balance between two extremes of horror to Werfel. On the one hand, he says, unhampered freedom creates a kind of senseless jungle. On the other hand, the uniform and the conforming creates a sterile wasteland. Both of these statements are quite true, but I cannot accept his assertion that Bernadette is a romantic balance between them. Of her Werfel says the world has been made for those few souls of genius who are able to escape the jungle and avoid the wasteland. I think Bernadette would have found it terribly puzzling to conceive of the world as made for geniuses such as the likes of her.

Of Zola and Werfel, however, it can be said that one wrote of Bernadette, though he knew not very well why, and for obscurity of vision he failed. And the other wrote of Bernadette, but wrote with defiance, pride, unspirituality, and with a romantic notion of the special calling of genius in the world. I would suggest, therefore, that the real *Song of Bernadette* has been written neither by Zola nor by Werfel, but that its overtones at least have been caught in the music of her private notebooks and letters. It is from these original sources that the real Bernadette arises—a Bernadette quite different from a dim-witted child of the Pyrenees or a romantic vase of election for balance in the world.

Fyodor Dostoevsky: Delinquent Genius

(Continued from page 7)

Almost every article printed during the fifties has argued that Dostoevsky's work is anti-capitalist, and underscored his protest against the persecution of man by man, the power of wealth, and against social inequality. The Party policy of the mid-1950's of courting world-wide approval of Soviet cultural advances has forced its literary arbiters to look with favor upon Dostoevsky scholarship. The present Soviet attitude to the question of form in Dostoevsky's art is revolutionary. The older Russian critics attacked his carelessness in matters of form and his chaotic characterization. But the modern Formalist school holds, on the basis of scientific investigation of his style, aesthetics, and construction that he is a master craftsman, the inventor of a new novelistic style, the "method of continuous dia-

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logue, which necessitates the most subtle deliberation over each tone, accent, and turn of events."

One wonders, as one studies the last chapters of Mr. Seduro's report, which covers over one hundred years of Dostoevsky as a living, turbulent presence in Russian literary criticism, if recent Russian critics are not preparing to lay claim to all the great writers of the Western World as students of the "Russian Shakespeare," and what is more, prove their point by quoting Western critics.

Hopkins as a Sacramental Poet: A Reply to Yvor Winters

(Continued from page 33)

back," said Hopkins, the here and now of it, but which must always at last follow "yonder, yonder." We have only to read his poems with genuine sympathy and genuine insight in order, ourselves, to partake of this communion between language and vision in the "forgéd" act of authentic art.

THOUGHT

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Review-Article:

Newman: Biography or Psychography?

By Justus George Lawler

IN THE published appraisals of Louis Bouyer's life of Newman, various critics, on incorrect premises, concluded rightly that this book offered a corrective to the allegedly exaggerated emphasis Dwight Culler had placed in his *The Imperial Intellect* on certain neurasthenic traits in the great Oratorian. These critics mistakenly assumed that Bouyer had had access to certain autobiographical materials which Culler was not able to make use of in *The Imperial Intellect*, and that his failure to take this information into account resulted in a lack of balance in that work. However, it is common knowledge that Culler used in his book a great deal more unpublished manuscript sources than Bouyer could ever have possibly examined. If, then, Bouyer provides a counter-argument to Culler's thesis, this argument must be defended on the grounds of its squaring with the facts, rather than on its reliance upon "new" materials.

With Culler's recent essay on Bouyer's work (*Renascence*, Spring, 1959), it is now possible to assess the two antagonistic views as they meet in direct conflict, and to determine with some accuracy which of the two Newmanists carries off the palm—for myself, I should say at the beginning what I hope to illustrate in the conclusion, that notwithstanding the heavy barrage of Culler's erudition, it is difficult to see him as complete victor in this match. One naturally hesitates to question the judgment of so distinguished a Newmanist, yet his appraisal of Bouyer's *Newman* seems to reflect so biased a slant that it demands some rebuttal, albeit a tardy and apologetic one. Nor is this an undertaking of mere academic interest only, for Culler's recent remarks open up a much wider area for consideration than the simple determination of the relative value of the latest life of Newman.

The basic question to which all of Culler's studies on Newman give rise concerns his manifest impression that the utilization of various unpublished source materials is necessarily a prerequisite to any adequate understanding of Newman's life and work. This assumption has two corollaries, both of which seem equally questionable: first, published works, including Newman's own writings, are implicitly of secondary importance in contrast to the overwhelming significance to be attached to manuscripts, memoirs, memoranda, etc. (This dubious principle—which, however, does contain its element of truth—may often lead, as it has in Culler's writings, to serious errors of fact.) The second corollary is that a substantial contribution to Newman studies is somehow linked with novelty: of Bouyer, Culler writes, "Indeed, his book does not present any-

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thing of substance that is new." I am taking Culler at his word, and perhaps this is to read him too literally, but it does seem that the general drift of his thought is that anything substantially new on the life of spirituality of Newman must be the product of new materials alone, and never of a new interpretation of accepted facts.

Before discussing in detail these assumptions, I must raise an objection to the peculiar tendency of Culler's indictment of Bouyer, a tendency which is highly reminiscent of the kind of tactic Newman himself deplored as "poisoning the wells." Culler writes, "Newman's life is so complex and so much is known about it that it is almost impossible to avoid falling into error *unless one has steeped himself in the materials for years.*" (My italics.) He then goes on for two paragraphs to catalog various errors of fact in Bouyer's book—errors which Culler would be the first to acknowledge as trivial. This exercise in academic oneupmanship has as an end to cast a shadow on Bouyer's general competence as an interpreter of Newman. This shadow is compounded of such items as that, *contra* Bouyer, Newman read *Ivanhoe* in 1820, and not while he was at the Ealing School; that he did not stay at Oxford during the long vacation of 1819; that the date of Cullen's offering of the rectorship was July 18, not July 8; that the date of the proposal to deliver the lectures on university education was April 15, not April 5, etc.

Culler appears to realize that if Bouyer made a slight error here and there, this is not really significant; though Culler notes, with pleonastic obviousness, that the cumulative effect of these mistakes "indicates that much of the surface texture of fact and detail is not to be trusted." For good measure, he then extends his lexicon of errors into another paragraph, and concludes: "All of these are still relatively minor matters. The one major matter of interpretation on which I would challenge Bouyer in his account. . . ." We have here a curious illation: after having admitted that such factual errors are not relevant to one's interpretive judgment, and that they have to do with surface texture only, Culler goes on to treat them as if they were significant; and the objective reader is left to draw the conclusion that if Culler is so competent as to recognize this multiplicity of error, he is therefore eminently justified in explicating Newman's inner life.

But may one not rightly question whether a capacity to collate and assemble various manuscript memoranda, various microfilmed documents, or various IBM cards, qualifies one to expose the living tissue of a mind? Every Newmanist in America is indebted to Culler and his camera, but their debt to him as an interpreter of Newman's life and spirituality must rest on credentials other than those gained by his having photographed Newman's papers. And in point of fact, every educator as well as every Newmanist is indebted to him for his excellent treatment of the theoretical foundations of Newman's *Idea of a University*.

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Is there not a suggestion (which I will put hyperbolically in order to make my point) that Culler seems to be thinking more or less along the lines of: "I, by reason of my researches in the darkroom of my study am more qualified to deliver a salutary lecture on Newman than this tyro who has recently invaded the domain of the professionals"? Yet this "tyro" was introduced to Catholicism two decades ago by Newman's writings, and has made substantial—by which I do not mean "novel"—contributions to our understanding of the Fathers, of the paschal ritual, of the liturgical revival, of Renaissance humanism, and, it must be said, of Newman.

No one questions Culler's right to disagree with Bouyer; but one may seriously doubt if the grounds he adduces in defense of this right can be maintained. Indeed, if one were to apply Culler's criteria to his own writings, the results would be as destructive of his reputation for scholarly accuracy as has been his application of these unusual standards to the reputation of Bouyer. This may be instanced by three brief illustrations.

CULLER has published an annotated edition of the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* of which one can say concerning its errors, as he has said of Bouyer's, "that the accumulation of them is rather disturbing." For example, the "friend" who broke the news to Pusey that Newman was becoming disenchanted with the established Church in 1841 is, according to Culler, "probably either J. B. Morris or W. G. Ward." Culler attributed this designation to Abbé Nédoncelle; however, Nédoncelle (through the kind of misprint that abounds in his edition) had written J. E. Morris, and Culler knowing that no such person figured in the Tractarian Movement corrected this to refer to Newman's disciple, John Brade Morris. This guesswork merely compounds Nédoncelle's mistake, for the real informant was, as Pusey's biographer notes, Rev. T. E. Morris.

Or again: Newman, after referring in the *Apologia* to "a Letter about Tract 90," continues, "In that Letter, I said, 'Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity. . . .'" Culler observes that this refers to "A Letter to . . . Richard [Bagot], Lord Bishop of Oxford (1841)," whereas in fact, the passage is from Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf (*Via Media*, II, 369). This error is startling from two points of view: first, Newman, in his annotations to the *Via Media*, refers the reader of that work to this passage in the *Apologia*; second, Father Tristram's personal marked copy of the *Apologia* at the Birmingham Oratory also gives as reference the letter to the Bishop of Oxford; Nédoncelle, relying on Father Tristram, perpetuates the error, and Culler, in his note, which is ascribed neither to Nédoncelle nor to Tristram, and therefore presumably represents the fruit of his own research, gives it additional currency.

Or again, Newman says in the *Apologia*, "In consequence of a passage in my work upon the Arian History, a Northern dignitary wrote to accuse me of wish-

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ing to re-establish the blood and torture of the Inquisition." Culler's note, here relying on Tristram, identifies the "Northern Dignitary" as "John Kaye, bishop of Lincoln from 1827-53." This identification was conjecture on Father Tristram's part, based on the criticism showered upon Newman in Kaye's book, *Some Account of the Council of Nicaea* (London, 1853). That this is an error is apparent from Newman's own reference to the accusation in his essay, "Prospects of the Anglican Church" (*Essays Critical and Historical*, I, 279-80). With regard to an annotation to this article, which had originally appeared in *The British Critic*, Newman wrote at the time of his editing the *Essays*: "This note reminds me that I have been unfair to myself in my *Apologia*, p. 47, ed. 2, in saying in answer to Mr. T's charge, 'Arius was banished. . . .'" Obviously Mr. T cannot be Bishop Kaye. Professor Culler in his *Renascence* article says, "One wonders if Bouyer has ever seen the first edition of *The Present Position of Catholics*." A familiarity with first editions represents a rather recondite interest: one might as well wonder if Mr. Culler has ever seen any edition of the *Via Media* or of the *Essays Critical and Historical*.

Now if this list of errors in Culler were to be extended—as it could readily be—would one be entitled to criticize, on the basis of their "accumulation," Culler's own interpretation of Newman's life? I think not. His interpretation, like Bouyer's, stands or falls on the merits of its own consistency, and not on any irrelevant factual mistakes. It is necessary now to weigh these merits.

Culler has, in effect, indicted Père Bouyer for writing not biography but hagiography; whether this indictment will stand up in the court of critical opinion is of little interest at the moment—though it hardly seems surprising that a priest-scholar whose works have brilliantly explored so many aspects of Christian spirituality, and whose personal religious itinerary has in many ways paralleled that of Newman, would sketch a picture that in its details might strike the lay mind as hagiographic. This is certainly no more startling than that a student of English letters, Mr. Culler, would rely in his interpretation of Newman on the machinery of Freud and his successors. Unquestionably, since man is not a pure intelligence, there is a very real need for psychologically oriented appraisals of literary figures (as this need has been met, for instance, by the pioneering essays of Verner Moore on Swinburne and on Thompson), but since this is a field that has attained a high degree of refinement in recent years, the entrance of amateurs into the lists seems at best foolhardy. One need only recall the quaint craft with which Geoffrey Faber, on whom Culler partially depends, stretched the Tractarians on his procrustean couch, and—to take one of many possible examples—read into Newman's and Froude's use of the standard pastoral convention of Corydon and Thyrsis a homosexual meaning. "It is quite impossible," wrote Sir Geoffrey, "to suppose that for a mind so steeped in Virgil as Froude's the name [Corydon] did not bear the associations for which the second

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Eclogue has made it notorious, and which were such a shocking stumbling-block to poor Professor Conington in his commentary upon the poet." "Poor publisher Faber" seems to identify Froude's Corydon with Gide's, and in so doing damns to perversion not only Arnold and Clough, not only Shelley and Keats, but every writer of the pastoral tradition in four languages, including all those earlier "Cambridge apostles," Milton among them, who contributed to *Obsequies to the Memory of Mr. Edward King*.

I HAVE developed this little scholion on Faber because his approach to Newman seems to have had a marked impression on Culler; so true is this, that it may be said, with no more gross an exaggeration than is to be found in Culler's characterization of Bouyer's study, that what the former has given us is not biography but psychography. For, while he repudiates the crudities of Faber's analysis, Culler does rely on a similar methodology. Hedging a bit now and then, he nevertheless can, after citing a number of contemporaries on Newman's "feminine charm," and after injecting a note on the significance of Newman's "deep imagination" that he should lead a single life, go on to conclude of Newman's "influence" on the youth of Oxford that "the modern mind is often reluctant to attribute this influence to a force purely spiritual." One is tempted to pose two questions, which may in the upshot resolve themselves into one: "Whose 'modern' mind?" and "So what?" Are we talking about the "modern mind" that accepts Faber's fabrications (truly, Sir Geoffrey is a *homo faber*) as history, and by that very fact is disqualified from judgment, or are we talking about that modern mind which has enough sense of history to regard "Newman and his friends" in the light of one of the writings of a favorite Tractarian saint, Aelred of Rievaulx and his treatise *De spirituali amicitia*? Certainly we are concerned only with the latter. Now it is precisely this sense of the historical continuum and this depth of spiritual perspective (which to the twentieth century layman may appear as mere appliquéd piety) that mark and distinguish Bouyer's book.

Culler says that in asserting morality to be in no way involved in Newman's conversion, "Bouyer ought to cope with Newman's declaration that before his conversion he was a 'devil,' that 'I was living a life of sin with a very dark conscience, and a very profane spirit,' and with his question, 'Was any boyhood so impious as for some years was mine?'" But the devil fell by pride—a vice we do not ordinarily identify with "immorality." And Newman says, "profane spirit," not "impure spirit." Have not many saints, as Culler would acknowledge, described their "worldly" careers with similar violent exaggeration? The first words of St. Teresa's *Life* are "If I had not been so wicked. . . ."

Culler's psychological interpretation of Newman's major illnesses has been subjected to considerable criticism, and it is possible that he himself is modifying

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his earlier views. In defense of his alleged over-emphasis on this point, he says, "I might plead as justification that the pattern [in the illnesses] had never previously been recognized, and I might point to this biography [Bouyer's] as an example of the conception I was trying to rectify." He *might* so plead, but in justice may he? Are we to assume that the stress on the psychological implications of Newman's illnesses was a mere rhetorical device which for the instruction of the untutored, painted as black what in fact its author regarded as grey—and which may in the event turn out to be quite white? Culler's "pattern" is like Toynbee's "law": if in any one instance it is not applicable, then the whole broad theory is negated.

Of these illnesses, Culler writes: "Each of these illnesses *resulted* in a tremendous unleashing of spiritual energies and religious fervor. The Tractarian Movement in its early phase was a *rebound* from the illness in Sicily, and the *aftermath* of the illness of 1827 was the attempt on the part of Newman, Froude, and Wilberforce to reform the tuition at Oriel. But Bouyer treats the latter episode, which occurred in 1828-32, in Chapter V, and the former, which occurred in 1827-28, in Chapter VI. The result is that the effect is given without a cause and the cause without an effect, and both episodes become meaningless and unimportant. Each term that I have italicized may be scored as ambiguous, and no multiplication of other synonyms for "result," "rebound," and "aftermath," justifies one in regarding the various illnesses as having to subsequent events the relation of cause to effect. In fact, what Culler offers us is a rudimentary example, worthy of inclusion in the manuals, of the *post-propter* fallacy. Here as elsewhere notions should not be multiplied without necessity. The patent explanation for the emergence of a university reform movement in 1828 at Oriel is that in that year the two senior tutors retired and were replaced by Froude and R. I. Wilberforce, "disciples of Mr. Keble, and both of them, as being such, in practical agreement with Mr. Newman as to the nature of the office of College Tutor." These words of Newman suffice; there is no need to invoke any psychological pattern.

Culler concludes his article by attributing Bouyer's "misinterpretation" of Newman's inner life partly to the fact that "Bouyer did not see the pattern in Newman's formative years partly that *he did not wish to see it.*" (My italics.) But this is to say that one of our most penetrating historical minds has *intentionally* allowed personal bias to obtrude in a critical study and to shape its conclusions—an accusation which would be difficult to document, and one which I cannot imagine Culler really meant. Surely prudence, if nothing else, would dictate the judgment that if Bouyer did not see what Culler saw, it is either that Bouyer was constitutionally incapable of seeing, or that (along with three generations of Newmanists) there was little there to see.

Book Reviews:

The Hollow Man

A Burnt-Out Case. By Graham Greene. Viking. \$3.95.

IN *The Heart of the Matter*, Graham Greene created a character who is too caught up in human affairs. In his latest novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*, he creates a character who tries to resign from life. The road Scobie takes is paved with good intentions: he would manage the affairs of those around him to their advantage. What can be said of Scobie, and for that matter the road to hell, is more than can be predicated of Querry: he is without intentions, good or evil, and has little concern for himself or others. It is curious that Querry, not Scobie, should strive for detachment. After all, Querry's attachments, unlike Scobie's, had been more painful for others than for himself. And he did not seem to mind visiting pain on outsiders.

As the latter story opens, Querry, a spiritually burnt-out case, is en-route incognito to a remote leproserie, run by priests and nuns, in the Belgian Congo, where he plans to lose touch with the human condition. He aspires to the condition of a Hollow Man, hoping simply to go out with a whimper. (Ironically, though, his world ends with a bang.) He has no interest in anything: he has lapsed from fame (a world-famous European architect), women (a wife and a succession of mistresses), and religion (Catholicism). Yet, at the leproserie, something of life stubbornly persists in tugging at Querry. He succeeds in putting an end to his profession, fear, and the desire to sleep with a woman; but he cannot entirely disengage himself from laughter, suffering, feeling, and the desire to be of use.

In the Greene canon, Querry's prototype is Fowler, the *disengagé* Englishman, in *The Quiet American*. They are vacant heroes, drained of emotion, seeking refuge in nihilism—Querry by choice; Fowler through events not altogether in his control. They both have roots in Conrad's Heyst, the modern progenitor of characters who fail in human involvement, although Querry is ultimately more Heystian by reason of his near-recovery. But common to all three novels, and others dealing with similar characters, is the inability to rise to the profoundest heights of dramatic intensity—a failure which I take to be a natural result of a story in which the principals refuse, for the most part, to become involved with each other. Great emotions lurk in the background, but Querry's refusal to become entangled in them to the point of either love or hate does not enhance the work dramatically.

However, the meticulous attention that Greene pays to polishing all phases of this novel would dwarf the blemish were it not for the turn *A Burnt-Out Case* takes about halfway through. The reason why Querry is an empty man is shrouded in suspense, cogent and impressive, until the appearance of the journalist Parkinson. Prior to his arrival, the reader is left to guess largely at the reason for Querry's spiritual mutilation. Is his emptiness aridity, the dark night of the soul which is a grace and a state of prayer, as the two scrupulous characters, Rycker and Father Thomas, allege? Or is it corruption?

At Rycker's instigation, Parkinson has come to present Querry to the world

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as a saint with a past, "atoning for a reckless youth by serving others." But Querry torpedoed the attempt to make him a second Dr. Schweitzer by confessing, for the first time, a litany of contagions, past and present. Beyond doubt, the interview establishes Querry's status: he is not "*the Querry*"; he is a man facing the void, by his own admission, believing in nothing at all. The result of Parkinson's visit is that the suspense is blown up and the reader's interest is shipwrecked.

There remains the need to disillusion Rycker and Father Thomas. Querry's repeated self-deprecations are to no avail. The only way left is to have "*the Querry*" apparently sin. This happens when he innocently spends a night in a hotel talking to Rycker's wife, Marie, who has run away from her husband. This episode is ill-managed; the reader is not prepared for Marie's defiance. The sudden transformation in character from a downtrodden child-wife, obedient to her husband out of fear, into a rebellious Lawrencean heroine, emancipated from her husband, is improbable at the least.

The unbelievable change in Marie's character, the too-early dismissal of suspense, and the emphasis on intra-character conflict rather than inter-character conflict, though disappointing and annoying, are, in large part, compensated for by the way Greene agonizingly and eloquently mounts his lifelong tussle with the Almighty, probes the mysteries of human life, poses some of the stickiest questions of faith, and gives brilliant "dramatic expression to various types of belief, half-belief, and non-belief."

If Graham Greene regularly tackles themes that challenge comparison with Dostoevsky—a context in which Greene must inevitably be the loser, and not the loser who takes all—he is not to be condemned for his lesser capacity to convert them into successful fiction. Rather, he is to be commended for sharing a primary and passionate concern for Good and Evil—a field in which there are few competitors—with the great shocker of the 19th century.

Although *A Burnt-Out Case* is full of character gems, excellent descriptions, thought-provoking epigrammatic observations, and dialogues as dramatic as the pistol shots that provide the finale, little attempt is made to rival the richness of detail and the unique feel of foreign places that make Greene's earlier novels so memorable. But the relative lack of interest in detail and locale is functional: the protagonist's detachment and fatigue are meant to sag through the whole novel. There is no discrepancy between what Querry is and does, and where he is.

Even if regret must attend the anti-climactic, less credible latter part of this novel, the story-telling in the first part, where the author is practicing to the full the arts of the novel, is supremely successful.

St. John's University

Francis L. Kunkel

Happy Malice

The Bachelors. By Muriel Spark. Lippincott. \$3.95.

"I HAD EVEN then a satirical cast of mind," Muriel Spark has said of her fal-low pre-war and early war years in Central Africa, when she was out of touch with books for sustenance and for the measuring of experience. The manner came first, and doubtless by gift of temperament. In her African exile—so

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rich later on in source material for her short stories—she appears to have missed, next to books and the cultural climate, the sense of institutions. When she returned to England in 1944, both culture and institutions were being overshadowed by troop movements and air raids. In her spare hours from war work, while others were devouring Trollope in the shelters, Muriel Spark fell avidly upon the poets of the Thirties, names at once luminous and strange to her.

She seems to have worked her way backwards into English literature, arriving at the Romantics when the journeyman years of writing began. A curious choice for a born satirist to have made—Wordsworth, Mary Shelley, and Emily Brönte—as subjects for first books, and yet from the Romantics, who tempt alike to devotion and to amusement, she may have caught that generosity of spirit which sets her satire apart. From her temperament's response to these writers may have come a kind of indwelling warmth, under which total disengagement is impossible. Thus her characters are never seen merely as objects. Satire is not in them, but in their relationships. For this reason her fresh sense—amounting to an explorer's eager discovery—of institutions, whether of the Establishment or of the Establishment's loyal opposition, is central to her comic idea.

The contoured landscape, not the flat one of African distances, is what attracts; and the contours are man-made. In the short novel *Robinson*, for instance, institutions are rudimentary, and the characters must set themselves to domesticating the cosmos, for they inhabit a literal island. In the other novels the island is metamorphic, with access to the mainland no less difficult, no less desperately attempted. The island in *The Bachelors* is always what that of *Robinson* finally becomes: "a place of the mind" . . . "an apocryphal island." It has, nonetheless, a geography—"single apartments from Hampstead Heath to Greenwich Park, and from Wanstead Flats to Putney Heath, but especially in Hampstead, especially in Kensington"—and also a figure: the bachelor as Everyman.

There are, says Matthew Finch, bachelor, professional Irishman, and newspaper correspondent, 358,100 bachelors in London, or 17.1 to a street. Like the other bachelors we meet in these pages, Matthew is a man who finds it necessary to define and defend himself. Because he was "weak with girls and had a great conscience about sex," Matthew fortified his principles by consuming a deterrent quantity of onions before inviting a girl to his flat. ("It had been easier in Dublin where the bachelors protected their human nature by staying long hours in the public houses.") Of course it would be the luck of this particular Irishman to take up with Elsie. Elsie is a decadent—she finds a man with onions on his breath sexually exciting. Perversely, Matthew falls in love with Elsie's roommate Alice, who is having Patrick Seton's child and is waiting for that debonair bachelor to divorce his mythical wife.

It is Patrick who lends focus to everything, for only he takes time to murder and create. This forger and confidence man provides general employment and gives meaning to the lives of many. Lawyers, police inspectors, and judges function primarily to serve him, to trap the existential Patrick, the dream Patrick. And Patrick has his parallel in Martin Bowles, a barrister who pursues fraudulent conveyance from well within the law. Why else do rich widows have their being? All this time Patrick is the pillar of a spiritualist group which strives to be "a cross section of the community," with "no cranks." The Wider Infinity exists happily as proof that spiritualism is "a mark of good citizenship." Patrick, the circle's medium, and his associates of Infinity's elite, the Inner Spiral, are, in

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fact, a gravely self-regarding institution, like a shadow cabinet always ready to accept office.

Ronald Bridges, a handwriting expert resigned to bachelorhood at thirty-seven, is the only honest man in the lot. But even he is bogus, of course, and in a very special way, for as a Roman Catholic ("and not permitted to have spiritual repose") and an epileptic, he is an outsider. On this apocryphal island, physical weakness alone gives perspective: Ronald, from his special kind of suffering, and Alice Dawes, pregnant and a diabetic, are the only characters who see through to ultimates. Ronald's seizures, too, are cruel parody of Patrick's trances and savage commentary on the self-destroying actions of the inner group. "The word 'fraud' is of the world," Marlene Cooper, high priestess of the cult, declares loftily; and Ronald's prickly integrity is a worldliness not to be borne. Much more comforting to Infinity's citizens are Ewart Thornton, the malicious schoolmaster who wounds by telephone, and Father Socket, self-appointed cleric and mystic.

Even more amusing than the intricate frauds which the characters in *The Bachelors* practice upon one another, as they seek professional advancement or pursue with equal vigor the quite tangible things of the spirit, is the exquisite courtesy of their relationships. "Never apologize, never explain," Evelyn Waugh advises with Norman hauteur; but these amiable islanders are voluble in explication. When Ronald tracks down Elsie to her room to recover Patrick's incriminating forged letter she stole for Father Socket's scholarly benefit, Elsie and Ronald exchange lengthy confidences on life's meaning. Still more communicative is Matthew's earlier talk with Ronald at the bus stop. Just outside church, where both have been to Mass, he bellows, "She's got the letter but she won't part with it unless I sleep with her again," a conversation he carries on, to the delight of parishioners who follow them upstairs on the bus, in ringing tones all the way to South Kensington.

Such, then, is the stir of life, the rich hum of institutional being, as seen by an anthropologist doing innocent research. With its new density of confrontations *The Bachelors* confirms the successive achievements of Muriel Spark's earlier forays into lands of happy malice—and enormously extends her range.

Georgetown University

Riley Hughes

Poetics and Parables

Péguy, Poète du Sacré. Essai sur la poétique de Péguy. By Roy Jay Nelson. Paris: Cahiers de l'Amitié Charles Péguy.

THIS scholarly study of Péguy's poetic system and its implications, evolved from a doctoral dissertation written by Roy Jay Nelson for the University of Illinois, has been published as the thirteenth volume in the series "Cahiers de l'Amitié Charles Péguy." It carefully catalogues the symbols that Péguy used repeatedly throughout his poetical works, examined here in chronological order so as to recreate Péguy's metaphysical world, "the odyssey of his soul," "the secret itinerary of his feeling," the gradual enriching and deepening of his concept of the Sacred, and its communication to the reader. Nelson's aim is to see how those varied recurring symbols embody the poet's thought during the different phases of his life, and, ultimately, to determine Péguy's aesthetic principles and the components of his poetic language. Therefore the book may serve as an

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enlightening introduction to Péguy's works for non-initiated readers as well as a summarization and clarification of Péguy's main themes for readers already well acquainted with this poet.

Péguy's "symbolism" actually uses a restricted number of very simple images repeated everywhere, although not always with the same connotations. It is, basically, the traditional symbolism of Water, Earth, Fire and Air. To those simple cosmological and metaphysical symbols, are added historical and sociological symbols, taken from the realm of feudalism, medieval money and finances, which translate into deliberately archaic Gallic terms "God's bookkeeping" of souls and deeds. A medieval coloring is thus given to Péguy's frescoes, or rather, to use a term of his own, "tapestries," evocative of the Age of Faith. However, metaphysical symbols are by far the most prevalent. Dr. Nelson reviews many examples that he groups under the heading: "symbolic Things, or substantive symbols" (such as Earth, Stone, Plants, Bread and Wine, Roads, Seasons, Clothing, etc.) and "symbols of a way of being or qualificative symbols" (colors, shapes, lines, volumes). The author thus compiles at the start of his study a concise "dictionary" of Péguy's main images, already aptly covered by the French scholar Jean Onimus in several former *Cahiers*, but now systematized and replaced in the perspective of the complete works. Concrete images, Nelson further states, are not used because of their intrinsic beauty, only to embellish, but indeed in order to convey something deeper, to reveal the *inexprimable*, as an act of knowledge, of intuition, of communication. Thus Péguy delves into concreteness to picture the abstract, and to make it both alive and clear for the simple man, somewhat like Gospel parables.

The fluctuations of the same symbols at different periods of Péguy's life are of particular interest. For instance, Water may express now a vital surge and the fountain of divine Grace, now the temptation to a lulling tranquility, and also a literally diluting power ultimately leading to despair and bitterness, in great rolling "waves of suffering." Nelson sees in this a significant oscillation between spirituality, force of action, virility, and materiality. In Péguy's eyes as in Paul Claudel's, spirituality is embodied essentially in Water, or in its opposite, Fire, while Matter is naturally symbolized by Stone, or by Earth. But Matter needs its tormentor, the Spirit, to come alive, and the Spirit needs its old enemy Matter, in order to assert itself and to act.

The "oscillations" noted in Péguy's consciousness and artistry begin early in the *Mystère des Saints Innocents* and they keep increasing through the later works with added momentum. By "oscillations," Nelson means Péguy's indecision between spirit and flesh, the constant battle between body and soul, the earnest debate the poet held with himself, "now preferring spiritual images in his poems, now favoring images of materiality," but essentially striving to show that both elements are necessary and of equal importance in man's life and equilibrium. This ardent inner dialogue that Nelson decries under the oscillations of the symbols used is one of the central ideas of the present study.

A second central idea, and a corollary to the first, is Péguy's desire of communication of the Sacred through simple, effective symbols. The sources of Péguy's symbolism are threefold, according to Nelson: first of all, spiritual events in Péguy's life; then, traditional religious imagery; and finally, Nature. The biography of Péguy the man explains the great theme of sacrifice underlying many of his poetical works, and his need for social action is conceived as a spiritual

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élan. Nelson also points out that the "symbols" used by Péguy have nothing in common with those of his contemporaries the French Symbolists: Péguy's symbols, much more simple, are curiously universal and eternal, not esoteric. They are derived from Greek Mythology, from Virgil, from the Fathers of the Church, from traditional Christian imagery and liturgy. And they are the very same symbols that medieval iconography used so effectively in the cathedrals. As Emile Mâle remarked, "the art of the cathedral pre-supposes a system of thought deeply idealistic, and the conviction that History and Nature are but an immense symbol." Charles Péguy had this conviction. His metaphysical symbols are very close to those represented pictorially in the stained-glass windows of Chartres, or sculpturally in the chapiteaux of Le Mans, with which the poet was thoroughly familiar. "Those symbols," Nelson adds, "seem to be, for Péguy, a language of divine revelation that the poet finds within himself through some kind of supernatural and innate memory." Again, it should be remembered also that Péguy belongs to generations of French peasants, humble, practical, realistic people, for whom the fecundity of the earth, the weather, the rain, the sun, the wheat and the vine, are an everyday concern of vital importance. Therefore, for Charles Péguy, the use of symbols is a necessity to express his own concept of the Sacred; "it is the earthly expression of divine truths," not a method of literary expression, but a requisite of mystical communication. Péguy's symbols exist only to give greater impact to a metaphysical truth. Thereby Nelson rejoins the conclusions of Father J. Barbier in his book *Le Vocabulaire, la syntaxe et le style dans les poèmes réguliers de Charles Péguy* (Paris, 1957): "one can affirm that the poet is more of a moralist and a philosopher than a painter; he is more meditative than visual or sensuous, a man more attentive to spiritual values than to purely exterior phenomena, or rather, he is ever-careful to transmute the latter on the intellectual and moral levels."

To appreciate Péguy's poetry, a reader should therefore feel the need for the "inner dialogue," and have also a certain taste for primitiveness, going back to a pre-scientific age when man could sense the marvel of Nature in all its strength and mystery, and was close to the primeval elements, which created in him a religious feeling, the intuition of the Sacred.

The author concludes his study with two chapters related to the symbolic value of the poetical forms used by Charles Péguy and their suitability to the poet's purpose. In Péguy's peculiar technique, grammatical parallelism—in the use of prepositional phrases notably—makes possible a parallelism of meaning, and the repetitious rhythm effectively links several themes. Thus the word "tapestry" dear to Péguy takes a new technical value: "one stitch, and then another stitch," means unity achieved through parallelism, like so many threads united in petitpoint effect, geometrical in detail, and naively pictorial in appearance. This "poetic geometry" may appear simple, but it is the product of a careful conscious art. "I do not know what style is," Péguy once said, "unless it is deliberate and the result of much work." Péguy is a conscientious craftsman, as painstaking and demanding toward himself as medieval guildsmen or classical writers.

Through all the means at his disposal, Péguy deliberately aimed at making the Sacred intimately, intuitively felt by his readers, mainly through traditional symbols backed by a careful technique. Péguy's poetical works had begun with images of the flames of the Spirit, and passed through a series of "oscillations"

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between Spirit and Matter, to end with the image of material Earth. The poet's self-appointed mission was to remind us of man's double nature, and to use down-to-earth images to stress Spirituality. The "metaphysical utility" of Péguy's poetry is to warn us to beware of spiritual death inside us. It is with this in mind that the poet mobilized a host of symbols, parallelisms and repetitions, to wage war against the denial of the Spirit.

Immaculate Heart College

Danielle Chavy Cooper

The Tractarian Poets

The Mind of the Oxford Movement. Owen Chadwick, ed. London and Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1960. \$4.25

"IT IS EASY to exaggerate Newman's part in the movement and indeed to think of him as the whole," Professor Chadwick writes in his introduction. Indeed, some would add, this is not only the special temptation of Roman Catholics but by and large their usual sin. This anthology enables us to see the Oxford Movement as a whole during the decade of its most intensive activity.

By concentrating mostly on writings of the period 1833 to 1841 Chadwick has gained considerable focus, but this leads to one or two gaps or points of weak emphasis. First, too little attention is given to the immediate roots and springs of the Movement, although the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge offers an incisive etching of lines of development in English religious thinking from the Reformation down to the nineteenth century. And from this approach he points out that the Movement, while born of political crisis in the early decades of the century, was essentially "an impulse of the heart and conscience rather than an inquiry of the head," and that it was the religious counterpart of that swinging of the pendulum away from Reason and toward Feeling and Imagination which in literature was the Romantic Movement. Yet he does surprisingly little with the immediate roots and springs, as I have said. There is too little concern with the ideas and influence of such writers and thinkers as Coleridge and Mill and above all Bishop Butler, whose influence is everywhere felt in nineteenth-century English religious thought (we know how much Newman learned from Butler's *Analogy*), but who is mentioned only in passing a few times in the introduction. Secondly, much more needs to be done with Keble's *The Christian Year*, which except for one poem is not included in this anthology because its publication date of 1827 precedes the period emphasized. But the reasons for the importance (as well as the astounding popularity) of Keble's volume are several and complex, and they can best be developed in the ensuing discussion.

In a passage like the following, the author does much to put the Oxford Movement in the proper perspective and the clearest light:

... There is a certain continuity of piety between the Evangelical movement and the Oxford Movement. There were other reasons why the high churchmen should learn not to be afraid of the feelings—romantic literature and art, the sense of affection and the sensibility of beauty pervading European thought, the flowering of poetry, the medievalism of the novel or of architecture. But in religion the Evangelicals taught the Oxford men

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not to be afraid of their feelings—indeed, both Newman and Pusey brought into the movement a strong element of Evangelical sensibility and language, whether or not they might rightly have been called Evangelicals, at any stage of their lives (Newman, perhaps, more rightly than Pusey). The poetry of Keble's *Christian Year* is the outward sign of the new sensibility in the piety of high churchmen:

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near—

such language would have seemed 'enthusiastic' and strained to the old-fashioned high churchman, and to the piety of *The Whole Duty of Man*....

And there were two supporting currents, I think, to that of piety, the one of moral idealism and the other of a developing sense of tradition. It was Keble, as Chadwick rightly emphasizes, who "helped to form the moral ideal of the movement, more by his person than his thought, and the moral ideal was essential and integral to its theological development. The fact that he was not a don but a country pastor—this alone was momentous for the movement." It was Keble as country pastor who anchored the Movement to its mission of pastoral and moral care. For a great number of mid-century readers his *Christian Year* was, simply, an expression in verse of that mission and a guide, a Christian moral-liturgical calendar for the individual.

From this central strength we come to the third aspect, the quest of Christian teachers—and it would be fruitful to remind ourselves of how much Christian doctrine has been transmitted in works aimed at the Christian teacher, and of the resulting shape of the works themselves: from Augustine (who of course had patristic models) to Aquinas to Newman ...

... and Christian teachers ought therefore to follow the apostolic example and begin with milk in order that the hearers may grow up and later receive meat. This was a doctrine which the Oxford Movement derived, or thought it derived, from the methods and practice of the primitive church. ... Their patristic scholarship dwelt much upon the *disciplina arcana* of the ancients, the "reserve in communicating religious knowledge," as two celebrated *Tracts for the Times* described it. . . .

The word *tradition* itself came to be for Keble and many conservatives of his time, Chadwick writes, now "a word of good omen," and the point is important enough to follow his development of it:

The Protestant fathers of the Church of England, mindful of medieval corruption, had thought tradition to be an illsounding word, to be admitted if at all only under strict safeguards, had associated it with the traditions of the scribes and Pharisees. But now, in a time when the utility of all ancient institutions is in question, the value of tradition and custom is brought home to every Tory churchman. And among ancient institutions the Church was pre-eminent. It was natural that conservatives should again be ready to hear the word *tradition* upon the lips of theologians....

All of the Oxford Tractarians were historically minded to the extent that each studied some portion of the patristic period with concentration and expertness,

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as Newman did the Arians of the fourth century. Not enough, we must observe, has been done in this volume (or in other works on the Movement) with the historical interests of the Movement and the importance of the historical to the Movement; but that would be another book.

What we do have is something to be grateful for and to applaud. The bulk of the selections are drawn sensitively and skillfully from the three principal writers of the movement, Keble, Newman and Pusey, with a fair sprinkling of Tractarian poetry—with a good representation of Isaac Williams, whose poems are pretty typical of that low-intensity and conventionalized verse. In the introduction we have a significant contribution to the literature of the Oxford Movement which, while it does not displace Dawson's *Spirit of the Oxford Movement* and the still older *History* by Dean Church (indeed "one of the most profound and sensitive and intelligent offspring of the Movement"), it does earn its place on our shelves. Perhaps the greatest contribution of this newest book is that it gives us so clear a notion of the relationship of Keble, Newman and Pusey. With Keble's function in anchoring the movement to the moral and pastoral we are led also to see how Newman (especially with his theories on Faith and Reason) "represents the moral and intellectual forces of the Movement and Pusey the moral and devotional," as Chadwick puts it. By restoring Pusey to his rightful place we are enabled to see the extraordinary triad of Keble, Newman and Pusey in balance, and to understand better the pivotal role of Hurrell Froude:

He brought to bear upon the old tradition, represented by Keble, an inquiring and even revolutionary spirit, 'a free elastic force and graceful versatility of the mind, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views . . .' Keble alone could never have understood Newman, the dialectician who had helped Whately to compose his treatise upon Logic. It was Froude who brought Newman to reverence Keble, and Keble not to be afraid of Newman.

It is fitting to conclude here with Professor Chadwick's remarks on the role of poetry in the Movement:

This poetic strand is not an appendix to the Movement at its best, a tiara of jewels worn to sparkle but not needed for the hair. It is as natural and integral to the Movement as that study of antiquity which issued so fruitfully in the editions of the Fathers and the encouragement of patristic learning. It is as natural and integral to the Movement as the desire to make the churches numinous, to transform them from bare houses of preaching into temples evocative of prayer. It was natural and integral because, like the desire to make the churches numinous, it was part of that symbolic and sacramental consciousness which formed the deepest link, perhaps the only true and valid link, between Romanticism and Catholicism....

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